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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China in 1831, 1832, and 1833, with Notices of Siam, Corea, and the Loo Choo Islands. By Charles Gutzlaff. 8vo. pp. 450. London, 1834. Westley and Co.

THE second of these voyages is the same to which we devoted a considerable portion of our *Gazette*, when published by Captain Lindsay, who there pays the highest compliments to his companion Mr. Gutzlaff. We were thus prepared for an interesting work, should that gentleman favour the public with his observations; and our expectations are fully realised in the volume before us. It is replete with intelligence of every kind; and whether read with a view to the extension of commerce, of civilisation, or of Christianity, it is hardly possible to conceive a more entertaining and important book.

The third and last voyage occupies only forty pages; but being the latest, and confirmatory of the views acquired in the two preceding, is of much importance, when considered in relation to the new prospects opened with respect to our intercourse with China. We shall therefore confine our notice to this portion of the volume.

Our learned, intelligent, and worthy missionary embarked in the *Sylph*, a fast-sailing vessel, well manned and armed, Oct. 20, 1832, and proceeded for the coasts of Teentsin and Mantchou Tartary. The weather they encountered was boisterous and stormy; yet they visited many points in their progress, witnessed the state of the country and the condition of its inhabitants, among whom books and tracts for the diffusion of Christianity were widely distributed.

"Nov. 15," says the *Journal*, "we had now reached Keang-nan; the winds were variable, and a month after our departure we saw the promontory of Shantung, and were beating towards Mantchou Tartary. It was now a year since I had been there; we landed at Fung-ming, a place to the south of Kae-chow. Some Shantung emigrants, which here constitute the most numerous part of the population, were quietly walking along the shore, when they saw 'these strangers' start up to view. Instead of being startled, they looked very gravely at us, and after having satisfied their curiosity in regard to our origin, they went on with their work. We had had a long conversation with the owner of a house, who had posted himself right in the way to prevent our entering his dwelling. I now thought it high time to make them a present of some books. When they found that I really intended to give these to them, they changed their tone, became friendly and hospitable. We entered their hovels, of which the oven constituted the principal part, and, in fact, seems to be the drawing-room, bed, and kitchen. Pigs, asses, and goats, lodged in an adjoining room very comfortably. Our host had provided a quantity of fuel from the stalks of the cotton plant, which grows here very abundantly. He had a very numerous and healthy family of children

dancing with delight about the strangers. Every body was well dressed in seven-fold jackets and skins, and seemed also to be well fed; for the country abounds in all the necessities of life, and has abundance of produce for exportation. When we left the people, now grown more familiar with us, they pressed forward to receive the word of eternal life, and were by no means deficient in compliments and thanks for the precious gift. A few hours afterwards we arrived in the bay of Tung-tse-kow, in lat. 39° 23' N., long. 121° 7' E., where we found a large fleet of junks, bound to the southern provinces, but now lying at anchor. They were all loaded with Mantchou produce. The people on board seemed open-hearted, and answered our questions with great frankness. Their unanimous advice was, not to proceed farther to the north, because we should there meet with ice. I can bear witness to their readiness to receive the tidings of salvation. Though their utter ignorance of Christianity opposed a strong barrier to their understanding our brief conversations, yet the books will speak to them at leisure. They may be only partly perused, or even some of them may be thrown away; yet many a tract and Bible will find readers, and impart knowledge necessary to the salvation of the soul. Filled with these thoughts, we visited the valleys and hills around the bay. Very few traces of idolatry were visible in their houses; we saw only one temple dedicated to the queen of heaven, with the trophies of her saving power hung up—some junks in miniature. A few blind men were the overseers."

What a commentary are the last seven words! Well would it be for humanity if the rank and office of blind overseers were limited to Tung-tse-kow; but, alas! they flourish every where, and man, who might, if so willed by man himself, be prosperous and happy, is made desolate and wretched. It is the moral ophthalmia which pervades and fills the world with distress; and did we, each in his sphere, take a hundredth part of the pains to bestow individual and general good which we do to calumniate, vex, and injure others, this earth, with all its unavoidable afflictions, would bloom a comparative paradise.

Hereabouts the *Sylph* took the ground, and was in imminent peril, but was at length rescued from wreck. We read—"Dec. 3d, our ship was coated inside as well as outside with solid ice. After several hours of labour, we succeeded in getting up the anchor, and took a speedy farewell of these dismal regions. At our re-entering Tung-tse-kow bay, we saw a great number of junks at anchor. We were hailed by the kind natives, who procured for us provisions and fuel, which the mandarins had promised, but had never furnished. The absence of their rulers rendered them more friendly; they did every thing in their power to oblige, and shewed themselves worthy of our trust. There is here a great field for Christian enterprise. The inhabitants shew much sound understanding, and are free from that degrad-

ing superstition which reigns in southern Asia. Though every grove and high place was full of idols and images, and every eminence adorned with a temple, the people were not utterly enslaved by superstitions. In their habits and behaviour, they appeared very much like our peasantry: some of their farms were in excellent order, and plenty reigns every where. Kae-chow city, which we visited, is situated about ten miles in the interior, surrounded by a high wall, and thickly inhabited; it is a place of extensive trade, but the houses are low and ill-built. The Chinese colonists, which are by far the most numerous part of the population, are very industrious; whilst the Tartars live at their ease, and enjoy the emoluments of government. I consider Mantchou Tartary as a very hopeful field for missionary enterprise, and humbly hope that it will soon attract the notice of some Society. Unable to remain any longer in these northern latitudes, we bore away for Shantung. However, as we there found the cold rigorous, we steered for Shang-hae, in the southern part of Keangsoo province."

Respecting this portion of the Celestial Empire, the following is interesting:—

"This central part of China is very fertile, being a continuous plain of a black, loamy soil, well irrigated by numerous ditches and canals. The population is immense; and if we ought to judge from the numerous children which we saw, it is on the increase. Shang-hae appears to be the greatest emporium of the empire. We found there more than a thousand junks moored opposite the city, and others were arriving whenever the weather permitted. We may call it the gate of central Asia, and especially of the central provinces of China. During the time we remained in the port, (from Dec. 25th, 1832, till Jan. 5th, 1833,) though it is situated in latitude 31° north, the weather was rather severe, the thermometer seldom rising above 33°. Jan. 5th we sailed from this port, shaping our course for Cha-poo, a harbour on the north coast of Chekeang, in lat. 30° 37'. Until you come to the high lands which form the harbour of this city, the whole coast from the Yellow River is very flat, and scarcely visible even with the ship close in to the land. The sea is every where receding from the land, so that the flats formed along the shore, which are dry at low water, constitute a barrier to the whole coast, and are gradually becoming arable soil. We tried to reach the shore a few miles north of Cha-poo, but even our jolly-boat got aground, and we must have waded more than a mile through the mud before we could reach the shore. But from Cha-poo the country becomes hilly, with undulating ridges, and continues so for a long distance, with little variation. Cha-poo is the only place from whence the imperial monopoly with Japan is carried on. It has a tolerable harbour, with considerable overfalls. The rise and fall of the tide is very great, so much so that the smaller junks are left high and dry at low water. Together with its suburbs, the town is, perhaps, five miles in circuit, built in

a square, and intersected by numerous canals, which are connected with the Hang-chow river. Nothing can exceed the beautiful and picturesque appearance of the surrounding region. We may say, that, as far as the eye can range, all is one village, interspersed with towering pagodas, romantic mansoleums, and numerous temples. The adjacent country is called the Chinese Arcadia; and, surely, if any territory in China is entitled to this name, it is the tract around Hang-chow and Cha-poo. It seems that the natives also are sensible of their prerogative in inhabiting this romantic spot. They have tried to improve upon nature, and have embellished the scenery with canals, neat roads, plantations, and conspicuous buildings. We found nowhere so much openness and kindness as among them. Their intelligent inquiries respecting our country were endless, and they seemed never satiated with our company. When we first landed, an armed force was drawn up along the shore. The soldiers had match-locks and burning matches ready for a charge. A Tartar general had placed himself in a temple to superintend the operations. Being accustomed to the fire of Chinese batteries, which seldom do hurt, and knowing that their match-locks cannot hit, we passed the line of their defence in peace. The soldiers retreated, and the crowds of people in the rear being very dense, a great part of the camp was overrun and pressed down by the people, so that the tents fell to the ground. After this outset, nothing disagreeable occurred; we were at full liberty to walk abroad and converse with the people, and were only occasionally troubled with the clamorous entreaties of some officers. But after an interview with a messenger from the Lieutenant-Governor at Hang-chow, (a very sensible, courteous officer,) and several other mandarins, we came to an understanding. In one of our excursions I took a box of books with me. We had visited a temple upon a high hill which overlooks all this populous region. The temples might be called elegant by the Chinese, if the abominations of idolatry did not render such an epithet inapplicable. When I took the books out of the boat, and handed a copy to a man of respectable appearance, he read aloud the title, and all at once the crowd rushed upon me, hundreds stretching out their hands to receive the same gift. Within a few minutes the store was exhausted, but the news spread with great rapidity. We saw the people sitting for six hours together on the brow of a hill opposite to which our vessel was lying at anchor. As soon as they saw us approaching near to the shore, they ran down the hill with great velocity, grasped the books from my hands, and sped towards their friends in the surrounding villages. If ever our Christian books have been read with attention, it was here at this time. We took a wide range in the adjacent country, and were really astonished at the general knowledge which these silent preachers had spread. Let us not boast of such an extraordinary instance of the diffusion of knowledge, nor deny to curiosity her full share in this stir; yet, after all this, the Gospel must be said to have flown here on eagles' wings. We leave the result to God, and wish to revisit those places, not to exult selfishly in the great changes which may have taken place, but to praise our Redeemer, that he has given to these millions the means of knowing the way of eternal life."

"These extracts speak so feelingly and so forcibly for themselves, that we offer no remarks; and the sequel, which we now quote, furnishes equally curious pictures:—

"January 14, we changed our station, and came to anchor under an island. The curiosity to see the ship was greater here than at our former place, and being less embarrassed by the presence of the mandarins, we were able to live more quietly and to extend our intercourse with the people. A temple built on the island under which we lay is very spacious, and presents a real labyrinth. The whole island is picturesque, and appears to have been designedly chosen on this account. We saw here an edict posted up, forbidding the possession of arms on any account, and threatening decapitation to all who dared to disobey this regulation. The priests had for a long time been desirous to get hold of a few Christian books; but when they could not obtain them, they almost wept for disappointment. I had previously landed on the opposite shore, where I was surrounded by multitudes, who did not cease importuning me till they had gotten every book out of my hands. There were very few individuals who could not read, so that we may entertain the well-founded hope that even the smallest tracts will be perused to advantage. We enjoyed the society of the natives very much. Combining intelligence and cordiality, they lost no opportunity of shewing their friendship, or of making pointed inquiries. What a field for missionary exertion do they present! Their hearts are open to the impression of truth, and their doors for the reception of its messengers."

"The state of the poor, and in general of all the common people, is very wretched during the winter. In Europe we have firesides and comfortable rooms; but these miserable beings can neither afford nor procure fuel. Every shrub is cut up; every root is dug out; and the hills, which in other countries are generally covered with wood, are bare, or only planted with a few fir-trees. To supply the want of fire, they carry fire-pots in their hands with a few coals in them. They dress in five or six thick jackets, which are stuffed with cotton, and thickened with numerous patches put upon them; indeed, many are only patchwork; but they keep the body warm, and this is all that is required. The Chinese are generally dirty in their habits; and the consequences both of warm clothing and uncleanness are a great many cutaneous diseases—often very serious when they have become inveterate. It ought to be an object with a missionary who enters this field, to provide himself with large quantities of sulphur and mercurial ointment, and he may be sure to benefit many. It has always been my anxious desire to give medical help whenever it was practicable. However, the sufferers are so numerous that we are able to assist only a very small portion of the number. I should recommend it to a missionary about to enter China, to make himself perfectly acquainted with the diseases of the eye. He cannot be too learned in the ophthalmic science, for ophthalmia is more frequent here than in any other part of the world. This arises from a peculiar, curved structure of the eye, which is generally very small, and often inflamed by inverted eyelids. Often while dealing out eye-water to a great extent, and successively examining the eye, I have wished to establish a hospital in the centre of the empire, in some place easy of access by sea and by land. I know scarcely one instance of a clever medical man having given himself up to the service of this distant nation, with the view of promoting the glorious Gospel, and the happiness of his fellow-men. There have been several gentlemen, both at Macao and Canton, whose praise-

worthy endeavours to alleviate suffering have been crowned with much success."

"Whilst walking here, I was strongly reminded of Paul in Athens, when he was passing among their temples, and saw an altar dedicated 'to the unknown God'; for here we also found both a small hall and an altar covered with white cloth, allotted to the same purpose. I addressed the priests, who followed us in crowds, for several hundreds belong to this temple; they gave the assent of indifference to my sayings, and fixed their whole attention upon the examination of our clothes. It was satisfactory, however, to see that the major and intelligent part of them were so eagerly reading our books, that they could not find a few moments even to look at us. The treatise which pleased them most was a dialogue between *Chang* and *Yuen*, the one a Christian and the other an ignorant heathen. This work, of the late much-lamented Dr. Milne, contains very pointed and just remarks, and has always been a favourite book among the Chinese readers."

"On the island are two large, and sixty small temples, which are all built in the same style; and the idol of Kwanyin holds a prominent station among her competitors. We were told, that upon a spot not exceeding twelve square miles, (for this appears to be the extent of the island,) 2000 priests were living. No females are allowed to live on the island, nor are any laymen suffered to reside here, unless they be in the service of the priests. To maintain this numerous train of idlers, lands on the opposite island have been allotted for their use, which they farm out; but as this is still inadequate, they go upon begging expeditions, not only into the surrounding provinces, but even as far as Siam. From its being a place of pilgrimage also, the priests derive great profits. Many rich persons, and especially successful captains, repair thither to express their gratitude and spend their money in this delightful spot. For this reason the priests have large halls, and keep a regular establishment, though they themselves live on a very sparing diet. We never saw them use any meat; few are decently dressed; and the greater part are very ignorant, even respecting their own tenets. We saw many young fine-looking children, whom they had bought to initiate them early into the mysteries of Buddhism. They complained bitterly of the utter decay of their establishment, and were anxious to obtain from us some gift. To every person who visits this island, it appears at first like a fairy land, so romantic is every thing which meets the eye. Those large inscriptions hewn in solid granite, the many temples which appear in every direction, the highly picturesque scenery itself, with its many-peaked, riven, and detached rocks, and above all a stately mansoleum, the largest which I have ever seen, containing the bones and ashes of thousands of priests, quite bewilder the imagination."

With this account of so remarkable a place we conclude our report (for review we cannot call it); and we feel certain that we need not add one syllable of panegyric to ensure this volume a welcome reception among every class of readers.

A Soldier's Life. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

WE have been rather overdone with works of this description, and there is little either very new or very striking in these pages; still, the attraction of real scenes and actual adventures have an interest peculiarly their own. It is a work whose contents may be better shewn by

extract than criticism; and of consequence we speak as freely of the first two volumes as of the whole announced. We subjoin a selection of the most striking hits:—

Last Dying Speech and Confession of a Negro Child.—"The following is a specimen of the conversation of the Mulattoes; the speakers are two women of that class, meeting in the market-place:—"How you do, maum?" "Ver well, I thank you, maum; how do little piccanniny, maum?" "Oh! maum, poor piccanniny die." "Oh! maum, I so sorry! How he die?" "Ou can't tink how affectionate he die, maum! He turn up he littel eye, an' say, 'D—on eyes, mama,' an' die like a lamb!"

Instance of Cruelty.—"On the route I conversed for some time with a Frenchman, who had had several skirmishes with the brigands; in one of these encounters he took an officer of colour, and carried him behind him on his horse. 'What became of him ultimately?' I inquired. 'I kept him seven days,' said the Frenchman, 'and every morning I cut off one of his fingers; yet the rogue escaped into the woods after all with three.'"

Mice and Reptiles.—"In clearing the ground for the camp, we disturbed a variety of noxious reptiles, such as whipsnakes of an extraordinary length, but not thicker than a goose-quill, centipedes of a large size, whose backs were plated like a lobster's tail, and scorpions. Having heard that mice were natural enemies to the two latter, I procured a few, that I might be a witness of their combats. The arena was the space circumscribed by a glass bell; and upon letting a mouse and scorpion loose in it, a grand display of maneuvering ensued, the mouse trying to bite off his opponent's tail, which terminates in a sting, and the scorpion watching for an opportunity to strike him with it. Should the former succeed in his first object, the latter falls an easy prey; but, if stung, the mouse swells up, and dies in convulsions; however, the mouse is generally the victor. Equal generalship is required in the engagement with the centipede, which defends itself with two small nippers, placed at either side of its mouth near the poison bags: the results are pretty much the same as in the scorpionomyomachia. One of our men found a large tarantula on his shoulder one morning when he awoke, and it suffered itself to be removed without doing him any injury; he brought it to me, as an amateur, and accordingly I placed it under the bell with one of my hardest-bitten mice. It immediately reared itself on its hinder part, and extending its long arms, remained motionless in this posture, while the mouse ran round the bell, evidently unwilling to face his new antagonist: this continued a short time, and then, as if under the influence of an irresistible fascination, the mouse jumped suddenly into the arms of the tarantula, which quickly seized him with two nippers, resembling the claws of a cat, and situated at either side of the head, and with such deadly effect that the little quadruped instantly swelled up and burst. I next let loose two or three mice at a time on the tarantula, but they all shared the same fate."

Useless Purchase.—"My pay-serjeant of the grenadier company was also in the hospital at this time, and, having seen the dead bodies merely sewed up in blankets before they were thrown into the graves, and feeling great horror at the idea of being buried without a coffin, he took care to buy one, and kept it at his bedside, until he got what is called a 'lightening before death'; he then fancied that he was recovering, and sold the coffin to the

patient on the stretcher next to his; but, relapsing soon after, he died, and was buried without one."

The Proprieties due to a Lieutenant's Portmanteau.—"When we received a route for Kilkenny, we were ordered to precede the baggage, and therefore directions were given to have it placed in the store, which was two stories high. I was always of opinion that the less an officer was encumbered with baggage the better; but for such ideas I never received any credit, and my acting up to them was invariably ascribed to want of means to increase it. Be this as it may, my light portmanteau was put in the tackle; and one of the men, by a couple of quick hauls with one hand, whisked it up to the top of the store in a moment. The serjeant conceived that this was not done in a respectful manner, and called out to the fellow, 'What way is that, sir, to hoist the lieutenant's baggage? Lower that trunk immediately!' And, as soon as this order was obeyed, 'Now, sir,' cried the exact non-commissioned officer, 'clap both hands to it, and hoist away handsomely.' The portmanteau was then raised as slowly, and with as much seeming exertion, as if it had possessed the respectable weight of half a ton."

County-town Society.—"Our next move was to Galway. Besides our battalion, this town was garrisoned by a regiment of the line, and another of militia; therefore it was never more gay: the ladies wore their silk stockings during the whole of our stay; dry-drums conversazioni—so termed because there were no refreshments—were held every week; a constant round of tea and card parties also were given nightly; the invitations to them were usually verbal, and delivered by tea-boys, who came into the mess-rooms, saying, 'Mrs. — would be glad if Mr. — would take tay with her this evening.' Some officers, who did not attend these coteries, frequently called out to the messengers, though not with much gallantry, 'Your mistress only wants to win their money at cards.' One night that I was playing a round game, a Mrs. B. and I won all the silver at the table. The lady had swept her great winnings into her lap, and was rejoicing over her good fortune, when the mayor entered, and informed us that he had just received orders from the castle to cry down the benders—Irish shillings—which were so called from their being cut out of thin silver-plates, and easily bent, and which passed current until replaced at this time by a new silver coinage, consisting of tenpenny pieces. Poor Mrs. B. looked thunderstruck at this unlucky announcement made by the mayor, and exclaimed, 'Och! murder, murder! won't I get any thing for my elegant benders?'"

Death of a Frenchman.—"Immediately after the action, an officer of my regiment happened to pass near an old French soldier, who was seated by the road side, covered with dust, and desperately wounded; a cannon-shot had taken off both his feet just above the ancles, but his legs were so swollen that his wounds bled but little. On seeing the officer, the poor fellow addressed him, saying, 'Monsieur, je vous conjure donnez moi mes pieds,' and, at the same time, pointed to his feet, which lay on the road beyond his reach. His request met with a ready compliance. The pale, toilworn features of the veteran brightened up for an instant on receiving these mutilated members, which had borne him through many a weary day, and which it grieved him to see trampled on by the victorious troops that passed; and then, as if prepared to meet his fast-approaching fate becomingly, by the attainment of this one

poor wish, he laid them tranquilly beside him; and, with a look of resignation, and the words, 'Je suis content,' seemed to settle himself for death."

Dutch Invitations.—"The invitation to an evening party is given *à voce* by a servant, who enters the hall of the intended guests' abode, and, like the undertaker, without seeing any of the inmates, bawls out his message, which is sure to reach the ears of some one of them. The invitation generally runs thus:—"The Herr and the Frow Van Pluck compliment the Herr and the Frow, and the Cliny Frow Montendam, and request the pleasure of their company to-morrow evening, at half an hour to seven, to drink tea and coffee."

Execution of Emmett.—"On the morning of his execution I repaired to Kilmainham, the place of his confinement. I found there several of the staff, and a great number of country gentlemen, who formed a lane from the cell-door to the prison-gate, at which the sheriff was waiting in a coach. At length the prisoner appeared; he was perfectly composed, bowed to the persons assembled with as much ease as if he had met them in a drawing-room, and, passing on, stepped into the coach. When he arrived in Thomas-street, he requested the sheriff's permission to address the people; that gentleman asked him in what strain he intended to speak. 'I mean to exhort them,' replied Emmett, 'to follow up the pursuit in which they are at present engaged.' 'Then,' said the sheriff, 'you cannot be heard.' Emmett ascended the platform with a firm step, calmly unloosed his neckcloth, and looked with air unbending countenance on the dense multitude that surrounded the gallows; he then desired the executioner to take another turn of the rope over the beam; and, this being done, the fatal noose was tied, the cap put on, and his station taken on the board which was to be pushed off with him. The cap being now drawn over his face, he was launched off; at first he rubbed his hands together, as if to evince his indifference, but soon became greatly convulsed. His wish to have the drop shortened caused a miserable prolongation of this the last of his earthly sufferings. I have witnessed other executions, but never saw a criminal struggle so long with death. Such was the end of the erring, unfortunate Emmett."

We think that we have quoted enough to shew that there is a good deal of miscellaneous amusement in these pages.

Life and Poetical Works of Crabbe. By his Son. 12mo. Vol. IV. London, Murray. The embellishments of this volume are a beautiful little view of Woodbridge, where Crabbe served his apprenticeship to a surgeon-apothecary, and the scenery of which place he has reproduced many times in his poetry; and a vignette of the town-hall of his native borough, the locality of which he describes in the first letter of his greatest work. The contents are the closing sections of the "Borough"—the first eight of the "Tales"—and, to us quite unexpectedly, between the end of the first of these works and the opening of the second, thirty-two pages of entirely new poetry; occasional pieces composed in the author's middle life; and one really magnificent creation of his genius—a new poem of Crabbe's, written in the measure of his "Sir Eustace Grey," and hardly, if at all, inferior to Sir Eustace Grey in fiery energy of thought and language. A new poem of this high order is a thing so by itself in these days, that we shall cut short our observations on the rest of the volume which pre-

sents it. The other contents are indeed beyond our praise or censure; some of the most sterling productions of the poet's mind in its meridian strength—enriched, of course, and illustrated by the careful zeal of his editor. But we have only a limited space at our command, and this we give bodily to one of the most extraordinary lyrics in the whole literature of the country; we give, in short, as many stanzas as we can find room for of

"The World of Dreams."

And is thy soul so wrapt in sleep?
Thy senses, thy affections, fled?
No play of fancy thine, to keep
Obsession from that grave, thy bed?
Then art thou but the breathing dead.
I envy, but I pity too;
The bravest may my terrors dread,
The happiest vain my joys pursue.

Soon as the real world I lose,
Quick Fancy takes her wonted way,
Or Baxter's sprites my soul abuse—
For how it is I cannot say,
Nor to what powers a passive prey,
I feel such bliss, I fear such pain;
But all is gloom, or all is gay,
Soon as th' ideal world I gain.

Come, then, I woo thee, sacred sleep!
Vain troubles of the world, farewell!
Spirits of ill! your distance keep—
And in your own dominions dwell,
Ye, the sad emigrants from hell!
Watch, dear seraphic beings, round,
And these black enemies repel;
Safe be my soul, my slumbers sound

In vain I pray! It is my sin
That thus admits the shadowy throng.
Oh! now they break tumultuous in,
Angels of darkness fierce and strong.
Oh! I am borne of fate along:
My soul, subdued, admits the foe,
Perceives and yet endures the wrong,
Resists, and yet prepares to go.

Where am I now? and what to meet?
Where I have been entrapt before:
The wildest city's vilest street,—
I know what I must now explore.
The dark-wood'd throng more near and more,
With murderous looks are on me thrust,
And lo! they open the accursed door,
And I must go—I know I must!

That female fiend!—Why is she there?
Alas! I know her.—Oh, begone!
Why is that tainted haem here,
Why fix'd on me that eye of stone?
Why have they left us thus alone?
I saw the deed—why then appear?
Thou art not form'd of blood and bone!
Come not, dread being, come not near!

So! all is quiet, calm, serene:
I walk a noble mansion round—
From room to room, from scene to scene,
I breatheless pass, in gloom profound;
No human shape, no mortal sound—
I feel an awe, I own a dread,
And still proceed!—no step nor bound—
And all is silent, all is dead!

In the next stanza the measure changes—perhaps this would not have been so had the author revised it for the press; yet the effect is striking:—

"Now I'm hurried, borne along,
All is business, all alive!
Heavens! how mighty is the throng,
Voices humming like a hive!
Through the swelling crowd I strive,
Bustling forth my way to trace;
Never fated to arrive
At the still-expected place."

The following is equally splendid and melodious:—

"Ah me! how sweet the morning sun
Deigns on you sleepy town to shine!
How soft those far-off rivers run—
Those trees their leafy heads decline!
Balm-breathing zephyrs, all divine,
Their health-inspiring influence give;
Now, all that earth allows is mine—
Now, now I dream not, but I live.

My friend, my brother, lost in youth,
I meet in doubtful, glad surprise,
In conscious love, in fearless truth;
What pleasures in the meeting rise!
Ah! brief enjoyment!—Pleasure dies
E'en in its birth, and turns to pain:
He meets me with hard glazed eyes!
He quits me—spurns me—with disdain!

I sail the sea, I walk the land;
In all the world am I alone:
Silent I pace the sea-torn sand,
Silent I view the princely throne!
I bidden heartless for the tone
Of winds and waters, but in vain:
Creation dies without a groan!
And I without a hope remain!

Beside the summer sea I stand,
Where the slow billows swelling shine;
How beautiful this poorly sand,
That waves, and winds, and years refine!
Be this delicious quiet mine!
The joy of youth! so sweet before,
When I could thus my frame recline,
And watch th' entangled weeds ashore.

Vet, I remember not that sea,
That other shore on yonder side;
Between them narrow bound must be,
If equal rise th' opposing tide—
Lo! lo! they rise—and I abide:
The peril of the meeting flood:
Away, away, my footsteps slide—
I pant upon the clinging mud!"

There is something inexpressibly thrilling in the glimpse of "one departed."

"Speak to me! speak! that I may know
I am thus happy!—dearest, speak!
Those smiles that haunt fond memory show!
Joy makes us doubtful, wavering, weak;
But yet 'tis joy—and all I seek
Is mine! What glorious day is this!
Now let me bear with spirit meek
An hour of pure and perfect bliss.
Say, what is this?—How are we tried
In this sad world?—I know not these—
All strangers, none to me allied—
These aspects blood and spirit freeze:
Dear forms, my wandering judgment spare;
And thou, most dear, these fiends disarm,
Resume thy wonted looks and air,
And break this melancholy charm!
And are they vanish'd? Is she lost?
Shall never day that form restore?
Oh! I am all by fears engross'd:
Sad truth has broken in once more,
And I the brief delight deplore!
How durst they such resemblance take!
Heavens! with what grace the mask they wore!
Oh, from what visions I awake!"

How true is this!

"I tumble from the loftiest tower,
Yet evil have I never found!
Supported by some favouring power,
I come in safety to the ground.
I rest upon the sea, the sound
Of many waters in mine ear,
Yet have no dread of being drown'd,
But see my way, and cease to fear.
Awake, there is no living man
Who may my naked spirit shake;
But, sleeping, there is one who can,
And oft does he the trial make:
Against his might resolves I take,
And him oppose with high disdain;
But quickly all my powers forsake
My mind, and I resume my chain."

The next is worthy of Byron:—

"I know not how, but I am brought
Into a large and Gothic hall,
Seated with those I never sought—
Kings, caliphs, kaisers, silent all;
Pale as the dead; enrobed and tall,
Majestic, frozen, solemn, still;
They wake my fears, my writs appeal,
And with both scorn and terror fill.
Now are they seated at a board
In that cold grandeur—I am there.
But what can mummied kings afford?
This is their meagre ghostly fare,
And prove what fleshless things they stare!
Yes! I am seated with the dead!
How great, and yet how mean they are!
Yes! I can scorn them while I dread!
They're gone!—and in their room I see
A fairy being, form and dress
Brilliant as light; nor can there be
On earth that heavenly loveliness;
Nor words can that sweet look express,
Or tell what living gems adorn
That wondrous beauty; who can guess
Where such celestial charms were born?
Yet, as I wonder and admire,
The grace is gone, the glory dead;
And now it is but mean attire
Upon a shrivel'd beladme spread,
Laid loathsome on a pauper's bed,
Where wretchedness and woe are found,
And the faint putrid odour shed
By all that's foul and base around!"

Where? where?—am I reduced to this—

Thus sunk in poverty extreme?
Can I not these vile things dismiss?
No! they are things that more than seem:
This room with that cross-parting beam
Holds yonder squalid tribe and me—
But they were ever thus, nor dream
Of being wealthy, favour'd, free!—

Shall I a coat and badge receive,
And sit among these crippled men,
And not go forth without the leave
Of him—and ask it humbly then—
Who reigns in this infernal den,
Where all beside in woe repine?
Yes, yes, I must: nor tongue nor pen
Can paint such misery as mine!"

We have, we believe, quoted enough to convey a tolerable notion of "the World of Dreams;" it extends to thirty-six stanzas. This wonderful poem has not, perhaps, as the editor observes, "received all the polish which its author could have given it." It wants, here and there, no doubt, the last finish; but still, it is completely original in conception—most powerful in its effect as a whole—and the stanzas which we have printed in italics appear to us not inferior to even the noblest ones in the poem which had hitherto been the sole testimony to the world that Crabbe, if he had chosen, might have been as rich in the productions of lyrical as of descriptive genius. We are promised more new poetry in Vol. V.; but the pieces thus given are recent and casual discoveries; it appears: the body of verse destined by the bard himself for separate posthumous publication, is kept unbroken for Vol. VIII., the last of this series.

Two Old Men's Tales: the Deformed, and the Admiral's Daughter. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Saunders and Otley.

BOTH of these stories are interesting, but the last, especially, is of great power and beauty. The cheerful pictures, at the beginning, of "heart, and hearth, and home content," give a still deeper shadow to those at the close, when the heart has been betrayed, the hearth deserted, and the home left desolate. The character of Iñez is exquisitely drawn, both in its truth, its tenderness, its wrong, and its repentance; and the conclusion is affecting, even to painfulness. There is a single touch which is perfect. One of the worst pangs inflicted upon the erring mother by the consequences of her fault, is the change wrought in the characters of her children, whom her flight has given over to other and harsher care.

"Iñez, trusting to the power of that disguise which had deceived so many—and indeed almost reckless of consequences, now that the termination of all seemed so fast approaching—remained in the room, partly concealed by the shade of a curtain; her heart in its desolation yearned after her little ones, and she resolved to see them once more, at any risk. They came into the room, like the babes in the wood, holding by each other's hands, but no longer cheerful and prattling: already Iñez could detect in the air of both the effect of Miss Vivian's notions of education. Florence, indeed, always soft and gentle, appeared only paler than she was wont: but the joyous, open-hearted little Georgy had already worn that broken down, dull look, which children of an ardent, hasty, affectionate character assume when treated with coldness and severity. Tutors, repressed, for ever naughty, the poor little child had passed in disgrace and tears the days which had elapsed since, forsaken by her mother, she had been consigned to the care of a cold, unsympathising stranger."

In a narrative which depends so much on the gradually increasing feeling, it is difficult

to detach a portion which will give an idea of the whole. We feel that the following scene of the duel requires those which have gone before:—

"Mr. Trevor, taking the pistols out of the carriage, led Laurence, through what were then a few lonely fields, to one, protected from observation by the sudden rising of the bank, surmounted by a wild pear-tree, and sheltered on the other side by a high hedge, at this season rendered impervious to the eye by the tangled bushes of wild roses and woodbine that rose, straggling and fantastic, almost to the height of the trees. The place was at present solitary, and the sacred silence of the rising morning as yet unbroken, save by the busy rustling noise which the birds, those stirring housewives, make in every bush and tree at that sweet hour of prime. The dew lay on the grass and herbs; and the soft misty veil, which gives earnest in England of a brilliant day, hung over that magnificent landscape, on which Laurence, as if taking a last farewell of a world so beautiful, fixed his melancholy eye. Beneath him stretched the glorious plain, rich with woods, and hills, and champaigns, and groves, the magnificence of nature enhanced by the splendours of that vast and gorgeous city, which now spread to the glittering beams of the rising sun its innumerable fanes, and towers, and domes, and sparkling lines of snow white palaces;—that vast hive of living creatures—each so minute, so feeble in his form—yet in his world of sensations and of thoughts so vast, so important, so infinite. But now the restless tumult of human passion within the pulses of that mighty heart was still—at rest after the vain agitations of the day—all still—save the speck, the atom, the worm, now crawling on the extreme verge of existence, hesitating, speculating, marvelling. Such was the reverie of Laurence, as with folded arms he stood calmly waiting the moment of his fate; while Mr. Trevor, with an air of deep concern, remained watching the path by which he expected Captain Vivian to approach. 'I see them coming,' at last, he said. But at those few syllables, all the calmness of Laurence forsook him in an instant; the blood rushed to his heart—the colour flew into his face—he trembled—he shook—he could scarcely stand. The reality of actual presence—to see!—to face!—Harry!—Vivian!—the man he had loved—the man he had betrayed—to meet him—to confront him! It is impossible to calculate the effect which the sudden appearance of one we have wronged, suddenly presented, will produce. Few dare attempt the deed—all fly instinctively from the face of those they have injured—but so to meet a friend! All the circumstances of their last parting—Harry's wringing hand and faltering voice—the tender accents in which he confided his all to the faith of his friend—the looks—the words—his own solemn oaths—his own faltering purposes—rushed to his mind with that dreadful force with which we may imagine our forgotten sins, our obliterated acts of wrong—our carelessly atoned for errors—were crowding in confusion on the memory, as we stand in trembling agitation before the awful bar of final judgment. Harry approached steadily and calmly; his eye was serene, serious, yet mild—his face pale—a sudden hectic passed over it, as he first looked upon Laurence, but as suddenly subsided. He came forward, followed by Captain Sullivan; and, having exchanged salutes with Mr. Trevor, remained without suffering himself to be mastered by any external sign of emotion, while

the seconds arranged the few necessary preliminaries. Not so Laurence—he had turned away—

'He could not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so fervently.'

His heart was indeed wrung; and great was his difficulty so far to retain his self-possession as to forbear from groaning aloud. All the softness of the mother melting in his bosom, he longed to fling himself upon the earth, to kneel before his friend, confess his fault, and implore his pardon; he longed to crawl in the dust, and kiss his feet with all the abjectness of remorse and shame. He stood thus—his breast heaving, as if it would burst—his breath thickening—his frame shaking, when Mr. Trevor touched him on the shoulder, and, presenting the pistol, told him to turn and face his adversary. 'The dropping of my handkerchief is the signal,' said he; but Laurence listened as though he heard not; his eyes were dizzy—his head swam—he fumbled with his pistol instead of holding it as he ought to have done. 'This way,' said Trevor. Laurence turned, as it were, mechanically; his knees knocked together; his hands, as if in a spasm, suddenly contracted; the pistol was a hair trigger, and, as he raised his arm convulsively, it exploded—a loud report—and Vivian dropped senseless on the grass at his feet. Laurence clasped his hands over his forehead, and with a shriek that rang through the heavens, fell down upon his knees, and thence tumbling forwards, rolled over towards the hedge, while Trevor and Sullivan sprang forwards to assist the wounded man. The face was one mass of blood; the head seemed shattered in pieces. The two young men, almost insensible with horror, could at first only kneel down simultaneously on each side of the body. Captain Vivian was, to all appearance, dead. He lay extended on the turf—his hat off—his fair hair scattering on the ground—a miserable, mangled spectacle."

Among the throng of common-place and similar novels which make their weekly appearance, we cannot but commend to peculiar attention the touching and beautiful story of the *Admiral's Daughter*.

The Romance of Ancient History; Egypt.
2 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Cochrane and Co.

WE like the plan of these two volumes very much, and think that the youthful reader, while attracted by the pleasant form of narrative, will also gain considerable knowledge of ancient manners and customs. The style is somewhat stilted—there are too many "illustrious princes!" and "incomparable princesses!" Still we are ready to admit that they belong to a remote period. The story of "Nitocris, the Queen of Egypt," and that of "Sesostris in Arabia," are two of the best; but we must choose an extract, whose length is among its merits; premising that the architect who built the royal treasury has left the secret of a hidden entrance to his sons. The gold therein contained consequently disappears somewhat rapidly, though not the strictest search can discover the thief. The king has had a trap set in the interior.

"At night the indefatigable robbers repaired as usual to the treasury; but as they had of late taken the precaution of alternately keeping watch whilst the other entered, Sares, whose turn it was to seize the money, went into the enclosure, and on going up to the vase of gold, was instantly caught in the trap. As soon as he perceived his desperate condition, he thus

addressed his brother:—'Salacris, I am fallen into a snare; lose no time then, but enter the building instantly, cut off my head and carry it away, since it is thus only we can elude detection.' The words of his brother fell like sparks of fire on the heart of Salacris, yet he considered that if Sares remained alive till morning, he would only exchange one death for another, aggravated, perhaps, by torture and ignominy, whilst a recognition of the robbers, that would probably ensue when his brother's face should be seen, might lead to the extirpation of his house. He nevertheless still hesitated; when his brother continued, in a voice that thrilled his heart:—'Wretched man, wherefore dost thou pause?' 'That I may mingle my blood with thine,' he replied. 'And that of our mother,' rejoined Sares, in a whispered scream of agony: 'knowest thou not that a sight of my face is instant discovery?' 'Peace!' interrupted Salacris; 'even then, I thought I heard a footstep.' His voice trembled with intense agitation—both listened for a breathless moment. 'It was but the wind in yonder copse,' at length he muttered with a choking voice. 'Obey me, I charge thee,' replied his brother, 'or we are lost for ever. I will release thee from taking the life of a brother, by instantly strangling myself with a fragment of my robe.' In a state of almost delirious excitement, Salacris now entered the treasury, where he found Sares already fallen, with a frenzied hand severed his head from his body, and, having fitted in the stone, hurried from the place. Early the next day, the king visited the treasury with a few attendants; one of whom being commanded to enter and seize the prisoner, who all imagined would be found in the trap, returned with a look of surprise and terror, exclaiming:—'Most mighty monarch, what prodigy is about to happen, or rather, what has already occurred? there is a man caught in the trap without a head!' On this intelligence some of the courtiers looked incredulous, and Rhampsinitus, whose temper was not of the most pacific kind, replied:—

'Make thy words good by presenting to our own eyes this robber without a head, or I swear by Osiris thou shalt lose thine, that thou mayest learn not to dally with thy prince for the sake of an insipid jest.' All now prepared to enter the building; and the king was aghast with astonishment, on perceiving the report was no less true than extraordinary. As he stood gazing on the body, in a state of perplexity amounting to pain, the same courtier who had been the first to discover the unprecedented fact, proposed, in order, if possible, to investigate the matter, and find out the robbers, that the dead man should be suspended over the entrance of the treasury, and guards placed at some distance; and that whoever should be seen lamenting for, or displaying a remarkable interest in the body, should instantly be seized, offering withal himself to command the band. The king agreed, and the arrangements were completed. In the meantime, Salacris had reached his home, and having related to his mother the catastrophe of Sares, of which himself bore the dreadful token, she broke out into invectives against him for not having burst the trap and risked every thing rather than leave his brother's body in the power of his enemies. In vain he represented to her that it was considerably past midnight when the event took place; she was not to be pacified, but, on the contrary, the more he reasoned, the less she seemed convinced, and at length told him that if he did not, by some means, contrive to rescue his brother's remains, she would herself inform against

him. Salacris entreated her to be more moderate, but she continued inexorable. The youth seemed devoted to destruction, yet he resolved to grapple with his destiny. Having, towards night, loaded some asses with skins of wine, he drove them in the road which passed by the royal treasury. As soon as he came within sight of the guards who were watching the body, he unfastened, without being seen, one or two of the skins, and the wine running out, he began to beat himself and utter the most doleful exclamations, as if in perplexity which skin he should first stop. The guards hearing the outcry, and perceiving the cause of it, ran eagerly to the spot, each with a drinking vessel in his hand, and, congratulating themselves on their good fortune, began with avidity to collect the wine. 'Alas! wo is me!' said the pretended merchant; 'I called for help, and you do but increase my unhappiness; yet if there is any justice in Egypt, I will make you repent of your robbery.' At these words, they seemed to become more gentle, and some of them even assisted him in preventing any farther waste of the wine. On this the artful Egyptian also softened his tone, and in conclusion offered them a skin to drink upon the spot; the guards thanked him for his courtesy, of which they availed themselves; and having drunk it, Salacris requested them to take a second; this likewise they accepted, on condition that he would join them, which he agreed to do; and forthwith sitting down among them, he pledged them freely, and urged them not to spare the wine—observing it could not be tasted by more worthy lips. Intoxication is a load-stone which draws its victims with an accelerated force the nearer it is approached; and thus it was with the guards—they were pleased with the stranger, gratified by his liberality, and secretly amused by what they deemed his simplicity. That simplicity and that liberality were forming a net, in whose mazy entanglements they were already overwhelmed. Night had now set in, and the crafty Salacris beheld his guests stretched around him and abandoned to the sleep of inebriety. This was the moment he anticipated; instantly seizing his brother's body, he secured it on one of the asses, shaved the right cheek of each of the guards, by way of mockery and as a token of his triumph, and departed with the utmost speed. His mother rejoiced in the recovery of her son's remains; and, if she mourned over his death, she congratulated herself on still having a child in whom the snares of his enemies only seemed to discover a dexterity that derided their vigilance."

Should the series proceed, it will grow more interesting as it goes on. The old Greek writers are full of the *matériel* for such fictions.

Captain Cook's Sketches in Spain. 2 vols. 8vo.
[Second notice: conclusion.]

We intended to have returned to this publication in our next No. after that in which our former slight notice and specimen appeared (pp. 149-50); but, in proceeding with our examination of it, we found such copious proof to confirm our first impressions in favour of its value and intelligence, that we were induced to detain it for more mature attention. Having now gone thoroughly over its various contents, we have only to repeat our former sentiments. An unhurried sojourn in the country has enabled the author to acquire much information on every subject; and, in the present interesting state of the Peninsula, we consider it important to have so trusty a guide to lead our steps on

many a significant inquiry. The style, as we also observed, is very faulty. This is precisely one of those cases where a traveller, historian, or writer in any other department, unaccustomed to composition and the correction of the press, would have mightily improved his work if he had obtained the aid of some competent literary friend, in the manner we have seen recently alluded to—which assistance no more detracts from the credit of the original author than administering a medicine diminishes the science of the physician's prescription, than candelering a shirt robs the sempstress of her merits in making the garment, or than the casting of a play diminishes the reputation of the successful dramatist. As it is, Capt. Cook's meaning is frequently wrapt in obscurity, in consequence of careless printing and extreme confusion in his construction*—faults the more to be regretted where so much good sense and useful knowledge essentially prevail.

In executing his task, Capt. C. has given us descriptive tours through various parts of the kingdom, such as that from which our quotation was made; he has also separately treated of the government, the manners of the people, the clergy, the fine arts, natural history, &c. &c., upon all of which he has thrown a new and practical light. It will be our duty to follow him into some of these subjects; and we begin with another sample of the characteristics of the population:—

"After passing a beautiful defile, we came to the Cuesta de la Viña, a rapid and bad descent, made extremely difficult to the horses by the tenacity of the *barro*, from which they could scarcely extricate their feet. Below this, we overtook the *cosario*, or trading carrier, of Grazalema, who was proceeding with a file of asses to Seville. My guide immediately pushed on to join them; and as I had ascertained by experience the utter inutilty of contending with their social disposition, and their excessive fondness for travelling in company, I compromised the matter, and allowed him to fall in. After a short ride with them, he was satisfied, and came out, having made acquaintance with the whole party. Amongst them was a young lady, who was threading the wilds of this country in the middle of December, riding on an ass, gaily dressed in white muslin, with a straw hat and green veil. She was on the way to Seville, to be married to a man employed in some office there, which prevented his leaving the place. The rapid mode in which these acquaintances are made is one of the characteristic features of the manners of the country, but especially of the Moorish Spain. The process, which I have often watched, is this: the usual salutation of 'Dios guarde a v.' is exchanged in a low voice. One or other of the parties immediately, without preface or question being asked, begins, 'We are from such a place, and are going to such another,' with any other details; he is repaid in kind, and in an instant they are as well acquainted as if they had been known to each other for years, relating every thing about their concerns with candour and openness. All this flows spontaneously; no impertinent questions or observations are ever thought of, or would be tolerated. The next time they meet on the footing of old friends. The only exception to

* The meaning is often rendered quite inexplicable, and absurdities and contradictions are involved, which the author would have escaped, had his MS. been carefully looked over by another person. *Et. gr.* "A work has lately appeared, which was very much wanted, 'A Guide to the Architecture of Spain.' It was originally arranged by Señor Ilaguno, who has left his papers unpublished; they fell into the hands of Ceán Bermúdez, who died before he had published them, and they have appeared subsequently as a posthumous work."

the interrogatory etiquette to be made, is their habit of asking strangers from what town or place they are; a subject of intense curiosity with these people. It is certainly of Arab origin, and similar to the habit of the tribes meeting in the desert. Strangers to the customs of Spain should be on their guard when they are questioned. It is the reverse of Spanish manners, and either proceeds from some bad motive, or from the under-breeding of the party. It is, however, of rare occurrence. If the traveller has a *mozo* of any address, by sacrificing a little time he may ascertain the history of every person he meets with on the road, and the characters who figure in the train of a *cosario* will often afford interest and amusement. Of course his own history is related in return, often with various amplifications. The extreme loquacity and communicativeness of these people, the timidity which is common to most of them, as well as the universal habit of never travelling alone, excepting from absolute necessity, are the causes of the pertinacity I found generally amongst them on this point. This habit is extremely inconvenient, from the delay caused by it. In the evenings they frequently go through all the *posadas*, to ascertain who is travelling the same road, and make private arrangements unknown to their masters. When they are ignorant of your habits, they frequently come to boast of what they have done. My companion was so eager to join the new company, that he forgot our dinner; and on inquiring, I found we had passed the village intended for our halt, which was off the road, and that we should not be able to stop for some time."

In summing up the national character of the Spaniards, our author speaks highly of their good qualities, and avers that much misrepresentation has gone abroad concerning them in many respects. The country, indeed, is a splendid one; and seems to need only repose and a judicious government to be made one of the most powerful and happy in the world. But it is cursed with a bad system of finance; and more cursed by a vile code of laws, and a multitude of viler lawyers fattening on their administration. The priesthood, altogether, Capt. C. estimates at considerably fewer in number than 200,000; and, dividing them into classes, the superior orders, the parish priests, and the mendicant monks, points out the difference in their influence and estimation. The practice of confession he describes as falling into desuetude; and he says:—

"The union with Rome exists but in name; all the material part is gone, and little or nothing is remitted to the papal treasury. Amongst the secular clergy there are not wanting those who sneer at the connexion, and chuckle when they speak of the reformation and the history of Henry the Eighth. . . . The feelings of society with respect to the monks differ totally from those towards the regular clergy; between these bodies themselves there is a deep gulf fixed, and, if reports be true, mortal hatred, even if possible *plus quam theologicum*, reigns between them, and the union, of late years, has been only in appearance. In reality, the most determined dislike and contempt, on the part of the upper ranks of the hierarchy, exists towards these lazzaroni of the establishment. The apparent harmony is caused by common danger, and the necessity of temporary union against that portion of the liberal party who are hostile to the whole body. In the upper ranks of society, the monks are rarely spoken of, and are comparatively as much unknown as the gipsies in England. They are very rarely admitted

within the doors of any respectable house, unless the sudden illness of a servant, or some such cause, require the temporary service of a Capuchin, who is always at hand to supply the want of other attendance. * * * As you descend in society, the same feelings are carried still further. In the middle classes, and the active part of society, as merchants, officers, and the like, they form the subjects of universal ridicule. The sight of one in a mixed company is a certain cause of merriment; and the broadest jokes and stories are unceasingly retailed at their expense."

Capt. Cook is decidedly of opinion that the queen's authority is fixed on a stable basis. He tells us:—

"The party who support the queen are not a mere faction, but it comprises every man of talent or information, almost without an exception, in Spain,—nearly all the nobility; all the military men of rank and station; and nearly all the others,—every man and woman in the country who is *at par*, and all above it: in fact, almost every one who can read or write—no inconsiderable number even of the clergy and amongst the constituted bodies. In short, all the *mind* of Spain is arrayed in favour of the present government; not because it was the will or interest of the late king to change the succession, but because it is the real law of the country, and that it is a question of good or bad government. The solemn act by which they swore to support the princess is sufficient to insure the stability of attachment of people who are not given to turn round and forswear at every instant, as in some countries. So widely spread is the feeling in favour of the change of system, that of a most extended acquaintance I had through the country, in every station of life, from the highest downwards, of every profession and calling, I should be puzzled now to point out a single male or female who was a Carlist. The opinions of the situation of the monks, who, in France especially, are considered to direct the people and change the government at will, are utterly erroneous. * * * The situation and prospects of Spain are certainly better than they have been at any period in modern times."

The chapter respecting the army and the dictatorial powers of the captains-general is full of matter; and all the parts which treat of the remarkable architecture and architectural remains of Spain are replete with interest. Touching the Drama, another national object, we select a single short passage to show how little London has to boast of any superiority on that ground over Madrid.

"There are two principal theatres, which are worked by the same administration, under the Ayuntamiento. There are alternately Italian operas and Spanish plays, with a proportion of the works of the ancient dramatists, which are occasionally brought forward, and afford the only opportunity of seeing any thing national. The *sainetes* are well given, and represent pure and unadulterated pictures of natural common life; the whole scene and actors being produced with a truth and spirit unknown on any other stage."

One of the most remarkable features, however, in the existing aspect of Spain is the state of the highway robbers, regularly divided into three classes: 1. the *Rateros*, or *Raterillos*, mean thieves, who lurk about the outskirts of towns, and attack and plunder travellers; 2. the *Salteadores*, mounted bands, who either remain constantly in active service or occasionally sally out on enterprises, commit their depredations, and then return home till the next

call comes; and 3. the noble race, who are regularly equipped, and keep the field constantly on horseback, under acknowledged chiefs, and in open defiance of the authorities. The first are gipsies and other vagrants; the second is the most numerous class; and the last are principally confined to lower Andalusia.

The organisation of these desperadoes is very injurious to internal trade. With regard to the foreign commerce we learn that

"The whole study of the Spanish professors is to destroy and annihilate the best trade they possess. They have adopted the maxims of that school of political economy which teach that the commercial greatness of England is the ruin of other countries, that her prosperity is incompatible with theirs, and that her manufactures are sustained at the expense of others. It is not surprising, where information on these subjects is so scanty as it is in Spain, that these doctrines should have made progress. The trade with England is scarcely permitted, and is so fettered that the merchants are placed in the situation of enemies rather than friends. It is true, that the decrees are worded generally so as not to violate the treaties in force, and the customs of civilised nations; but, in fact, they bear almost entirely against the English trade, which, if properly regulated, would be a most beneficial one to both countries, and favour the French, who profess to want nothing, and in reality take very little of the produce of the soil, in return for the manufactures they are hourly forcing into circulation, and whose commerce, if any supply of necessary and indispensable articles can be said to be so, is carried on at a national loss to Spain. * * *

"The contraband trade is carried on in vast lines, extending in every direction over sierra, and through barranco, on the shores of the ocean, or amid the snows of Mont Perdu, and the wastes of Estremadura; it is in endless and unceasing operation, limited only by the demand, stayed only by the misery of the consumers, and their inability to pay the price or buy at all.

"The French have possession of the chief foreign trade in the free provinces of the north, and of course, by contraband, command a great deal of inland consumption in the interior districts. The principal *dépôt* of this commerce is Bayonne, which was made free, for the purpose of commanding the trade on the north coast. On the coast of Catalonia and Valencia, considerable contraband trade is carried on from Marseilles. They had an extensive command openly of the markets in Catalonia during the occupation, but that has now almost ceased, owing to the misery of the country. The soldiers were employed in the fortified places, and I have heard, even paid for conniving at and assisting the introduction of goods, whilst on their posts. The English direct trade is very small, as in fact nearly every thing is prohibited; but a prodigious quantity of goods find their way into the southern provinces, by means of Gibraltar and Cadiz. The merchants themselves have nothing to do with these enterprises, but simply dispose of their goods to dealers and others, who undertake the final disposal of them. A large quantity of English goods is also transmitted from Portugal, the frontier of which cannot be effectually watched. The mode of conducting commerce practised by these two great nations is diametrically opposite. The English merchants deal wholesale, and disdain the petty trade sought after with such avidity by their rivals. Whilst you seldom meet an English commercial traveller, except on a large scale, the country where the French have access

is overrun by numbers of traders with the smallest possible means.

"The smuggling proceedings are now chiefly conducted on a great scale. Files of mules set out from certain places, laden with prohibited goods. It is unnecessary to particularise the channels, which exist with the perfect knowledge and connivance of the people in office, of every rank, from the lowest *guarda* on the beach, to the foot of the throne. By practices universally tolerated, some of these transactions are managed to a very large extent."

Our author describes Spain as being very rich in marbles of beautiful kinds. The breed of horses, he says, has greatly diminished and deteriorated, in spite of the efforts of government to retrieve their wealth in this respect; and the national forests are almost entirely extinct. In the roads, on the contrary, great improvements have been made since the peace; and in regard to the mines—"A system has been adopted, which, if persevered in, bids fair to render them of more real value than those of Peru or Mexico. The system of monopoly has been almost entirely abolished, and the mines have been placed under a just and moderate code of laws. The soil is free to every one to search for minerals; on the discovery, or denunciation as it is termed, a grant is made of the district gratis by the crown, under certain regulations as to space and time of working."

The notices of sculpture and paintings, though brief, shew how well the writer is acquainted with the arts, and would supply not a few names to Pilkington's or Bryan's dictionary. Spain, notwithstanding the dreadful pillage and destruction to which she has been exposed, is still rich in these treasures. We are sorry to observe another cause of regret, however.

"In all the schools, especially in that of Seville, and more particularly in the pictures of Murillo, from some cause, either of the oil, or of the oxydation of the mineral colours of the glazing used to finish, they acquire a dinginess of colour, and have often a roughness on the surface from the handling of the master. Both these circumstances try the nerves of picture-cleaners, and of most of their employers, and a picture is seldom allowed to remain in this state. Some acid or other method is tried, the *patina* and the supposed blemish come off together, and the picture is washed, as are nearly all in the galleries. The fine finishing of the master is irretrievably gone, and is frequently attempted to be restored by what is called toning. Very few exceptions are seen, either in the works of Velasquez or Murillo, and those of the latter frequently resemble copies, from the faint and cold colours which now form the surface, and which in London is frequently supplied by quantities of varnish, and in Paris by picking away the outline, and giving fresh relief or rotundity to the picture, which is thus re-manufactured."

We quote another interesting passage. Of the *School of Seville* the author says: "There is strong presumptive evidence that this school has an oriental origin, and is derived from the same source as the ancient schools of Italy. The painting of the Santa Maria de la Antigua in the cathedral, which, according to tradition, existed previous to the conquest by the Moors, and survived both the Moslem conversion of the temple, and its reconversion to Christian use, is beyond doubt a Greek work, either original or copy, almost certainly the latter. In the *trascoro*, is a smaller half-length of the same subject, original, and of the same description. In the ancient *parroquia* of San-Lorenzo,

is a bronzy Madonna, exactly like those at Florence, of the time prior to Cimabue. A picture of the Madonna and Child, of the same school, but more modern and of better execution, which is seen in various churches at Seville, and in other parts of Andalusia, and which I have understood to be a copy of some shrine in Mexico, has in all probability twice crossed the Atlantic as original and copy, very likely after a first voyage to these western shores from Constantinople. In the cloister of the hospital de los Heridos, is a Crucifixion exactly like the designs of Cimabue, but of better colour. The pulpits of the cathedral are in a very ancient style of relief, gilt and coloured somewhat like the manner of Giotto, or of that period. These ancient monuments, which are entirely wanting in other parts of Spain, are certainly presumptive proof that the art had its origin as stated; but it must remain without, I fear, the possibility of proof, as no further chain is established, beyond the early date to which these documents must be referred. In the convent church of San-Clemente, which is a royal and noble foundation of ladies, is a most curious portrait of St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of the city from the Moors, said to be coeval with the conquest, and original. It is in a peculiar style of design, curiously ornamented with gildings, and of a dark and dingy colour. There appears no reason to doubt the authenticity of the story, and it differs entirely from any of the various ancient schools of Europe, of that or a subsequent period, which have come under my observation. When the king was at Seville in 1823, an order was given to the nuns of the convent to send this picture to the Alcazar, in order that it might be copied by the court painter. Although it is a royal foundation, the order was refused, and it was urged that the fundamental laws of the convent prevented its being removed from its place. To shew the power of this sort of prescriptive power in Spain, the head of the government gave way, and the artist was obliged to go to the church for the purpose. There is considerable form and difficulty to obtain a sight of this curious relic of ancient art and historical interest."

We have now only to refer to the notes on the natural history of the country, which, considering how very little we know of it from preceding writers, is deserving of approbation for diligence and research, though it was impossible, on the data before him and his personal observation, that Captain Cook should accomplish more than to indicate the leading traits. In ornithology, for instance, neither public nor private collections exist; and he says—"I never saw a list of Spanish birds in any language. The royal cabinet at Madrid contains scarcely any thing. An individual there has a few specimens of birds found in the neighbourhood, very well set up by himself; but he was ignorant of their names, and so indifferent on the subject as to decline my offer of supplying them. This was the only thing I met with deserving the name of a collection."

We conclude with a ludicrous anecdote.

"The bear is not uncommon in the Pyrenees, but it is very doubtful if it be found now in any other part of Spain, having vanished with the forests. I inquired in every part, but never ascertained that it really exists. A story was current of one having been seen near St. Ildefonso, some years back; but it turned out to be a Capuchin with his cowl over, at his matins, kneeling, which figure and colour are by no means unlike the animal in question."

Once again we recommend this work as useful, impartial, and intelligent; the quantity of valuable information contained in which, amply compensates for its indifferent style, and errors such as can readily be detected and corrected by the reader who looks with an eye to instruction, and not to censure.

Medica Sacra; or, Short Expositions of the more important Diseases mentioned in the Sacred Writings. By Thomas Shapter, M.D. Physician to the Exeter Dispensary, &c. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

THIS is an unpretending work upon a subject involving many speculative difficulties, interesting from the view which it might be supposed to exhibit of the maladies inherent to the human frame, and important in connexion with the origin of those diseases, yet mysterious from the very nature of the inquiry, as well as from the language of the sacred historians, they not having sought for those minute distinctions by which modern science has attempted to unravel all the complexity of morbid phenomena which belong to the flesh. In approaching a theme of this kind, it is as well, as far as possible, always to explain by natural causes events which in their origin must be looked upon as miraculous; because there can be no doubt but that, though disease was often, if not originally altogether, sent as a punishment for offences; still, the natural changes by which those diseases may be brought about, without the interference of supernatural power, or may be continued when that interference is no longer required, may be supposed to exist in both cases. It is quite absurd to say, that if we believe God sent certain diseases as a punishment for certain offences, we must hold that these diseases are the natural consequences of such offences, and that they would always follow their commission; for certain diseases having been sent upon this world, their propagation, as in the just visitation of a plague or a pestilence, may be accomplished by natural causes, such as infection or contagion; or, as in other cases, by the indiscriminate indulgence in passions, creating a disease which was originally imposed as the rebuke of that indulgence. It is these latter causes of disease which it becomes more especially the physician's duty to investigate. We have few examples in modern times of a special interference with the laws of nature giving a miraculous birth to diseases. In the foundation of *pathology*, then, it was of the deepest interest to investigate the causes peculiar to the phenomena which characterised the disease at its first origin, and have continued to characterise it ever since, if it is comparable with diseases that are still known to afflict the human race; for where special interference was exercised, it is surely less obtuse to believe that that interference was directed to producing a cause of the disease, than that, the causes being in existence, supernatural agency was necessary to produce the effects—a philosophical absurdity which has been lately advanced with the shallow pomp of an unlearned scribe. We have finished with what we had to say upon the object of this work. It is evidently written by a young hand, but it is surely gratifying to see the young practitioner spending his spare hours in such creditable labours. The style is plain and perspicuous—often eloquent; for example, in that part which treats of old age. The peculiarity of individual afflictions, as in the disease of Job, King Saul, &c. presented difficulties which the "I think" of our author

has not triumphed over. But we wish him prosperity in a career where industry and perseverance must ultimately lead to success and honour.

The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott; with Notes and Illustrations. Vol. I. *Life of Dryden.* Edinburgh, 1834, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

HERE is the first volume of a new and much-extended edition of Scott's miscellaneous writings in prose, got up with notes and illustrations on the model of the edition of his poems, just finished in twelve volumes. The preliminary notice says:—

"The present edition will include many pieces which were never until now collected, or printed with his name. The whole will be arranged, as nearly as possible, in chronological order, thus illustrating the course of the author's studies and exertions; and accompanied with notes, in which occasional mistakes are rectified, deficiencies filled up, and the observations of contemporary critics quoted or condensed. Mr. Turner has undertaken the pictorial embellishment of the series, by representations of many of the interesting scenes described in the text. The biographical department will include, besides the memoirs of Dryden and Swift, those of the British novelists, and a variety of sketches hitherto scattered over different extensive and expensive collections: to these volumes will be attached portraits of Dryden, Swift, Smollett, and Mackenzie. In the *Life of Napoleon*, the text is corrected and partly annotated by the author; marginal dates are appended, in compliance with his instructions to his executors; and, in addition to portraits and Mr. Turner's designs, this edition is enriched with maps of the emperor's campaigns. The most important articles contributed by Sir Walter Scott to periodical publications are now for the first time to appear in company with the prose writings originally sanctioned by his name. The series will close with the *Tales of a Grandfather*; and the editor anticipates that the whole will be comprised within twenty-four volumes, the last of which will, of course, include a copious index."

This volume includes the *Life of Dryden*; the first elaborate biography executed by Sir Walter, and one in which, availing himself of a world of curious materials collected by Malone after the date of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, he is allowed to have been at least as successful as in any other work of the same species. The studies which Scott went through, with a view to his Dryden, told largely on the future character of his own creations in prose and in verse. Here he found the germs of all that he afterwards embodied in his *Peveril of the Peak* in particular; and not a few of those which have most gratified the world in his tale of *Old Mortality*, as well as in his *Woodstock*. This edition of the *Life of Dryden* is a different book in more respects than one from the predecessors. The editor says:—

"Much important matter, originally scattered over seventeen volumes, in the shape of notes, has now been appended to the memoir, which has thus, it is hoped, been rendered more complete and satisfactory for the purposes of persons who do not happen to possess Sir W. Scott's edition of Dryden. The present editor has also availed himself, on some occasions, of the labours of Mr. D'Israeli, and other literary antiquaries, who have recently thrown additional light on subjects handled in this biographical essay."

The illustrations are Dryden's head, from

the picture to Scott's which is vignette by Turner

A Botanist

the L. Battie Glasgow engraving of a rative form in

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the picture by Kneller, which was presented to Scott after the Life originally appeared, and which is at Abbotsford; with a very elegant vignette of Dryden's tomb in Poet's Corner, by Turner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Botanical Chart, or Concise Introduction to the Linnean System of Botany. By James Rattray, Surgeon and Lecturer on Botany. Glasgow, 1834.

THIS botanical chart is accompanied by an engraving, which contains 212 figures, illustrative of vegetable structure or diversity in form in the same organs, more especially leaves—the lungs of plants—of which it has been truly said no two are alike, and yet which serve so usefully in assisting to give accurate descriptions of distinct species. It is not the greatest fault of the Linnean system of botany that it extends definitions of this kind quite as far as actual necessity demands—and we have here an appalling list of *Pinnatum articulatum* and *Squarrosa laciniatum*; though, in the more important organs of plants, brevity appears as far as possible to have been united to distinctness—so much so, we fear, as hardly to meet with the approbation of many modern botanists, who, with much reason, consider that a more philosophical conception of the relation and nature of organs has justly modified not only the mode of viewing these structures, but also the nomenclature which should be given to them. The classes and orders are illustrated by woodcuts, which are perhaps too small, but which will assist with the plant in the hand; and a list of British genera and species is added, upon which we beg cursorily to remark, that Mr. Browne has long ago shewn that the *Blechnum boreale* belongs properly to the Lomaria; the *Aspidium dunclorum* Mr. Don has ascertained, from an inspection of the original specimens in the Smithian collection, to be made up of two species of *A. dilatatum*,—one from Cromford Moor, the other from Rewelston Woods. Where, we might further ask, is the *Aspidium rigidum* of Mr. R.'s townsman, Dr. Hooker? and why is *A. alpina* omitted? We have confined our critical remarks to a single group, that of ferns, that Mr. Rattray may see what attention is necessary to produce a correct catalogue of British plants, and cannot but think that he would have accomplished a more useful task in giving generic characters than a list of genera and species; though we with pleasure admit, that, as it is, the chart is a work of labour, great conciseness, and most useful reference,—perhaps as much so to the botanist as to the student.

Elementary Art; or the Use of the Lead Pencil advocated and explained. By J. D. Harding. Tilt.

A HIGHLY valuable addition to the library of Art. The talents of Mr. Harding as a landscape painter are well known; and he has in this publication developed the fruits of his study and experience with reference to that branch of the art which he considers as the best foundation for excellence—the use of the lead pencil. There can be no doubt, indeed, that drawing stands precisely in the same relation to painting that grammar does to language; and that to attempt to paint without a knowledge of drawing, is as presumptuous and absurd as to attempt to write without a knowledge of grammar. We wish that all young artists and amateurs would attend to Mr. Harding's advice on this subject. Justly does he observe:—

"The trouble of acquiring knowledge is the

tax which all must pay to possess it. The history of most beginners in art is this—they are apt to look on the study of form as dry and unprofitable, and to pursue it with more haste than good speed. Buoyed up by false hopes, flying from the troubles they know, to others they know not of, they hurry to the study of light and shade, to gain what is termed a bold effect; in other words, a violent contrast of black and white, to hide or excuse their bad drawing—and so they may from the entirely unlearned; but those whose minds are enlightened, even with a little information, see through the specious veil, and find every error doubly intolerable. Here again, as with form, there are difficulties equally tedious to overcome; new doubts are found to arise, and to augment the former; and, in the same ratio as these increase, the courage to face them diminishes. But one more step remains—colour; to this, like the forlorn hope, heedless they plunge, with all the expectations that led from form to light and shade; more difficulties present themselves, and no new power, and still less inclination, is found to contend with them. What wonder, then, that failure, total failure, should be the result of this

'Chase of idle hopes and fears?'

The examples are nearly thirty in number; and being executed in lithography by Mr. Harding himself, they have, of course, all the spirit and beauty of original drawings.

Louis Philippe et la Contre-Revolution de 1830. Par B. Sarrans, Jeune. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1834. Bossange, Barthes, and Co.; Lowell.

IN the very heat of French politics, and accompanied by several curious and important documents, this work is like to create a strong sensation not only in France but in other countries. The author ascribes the "Deux ans du Règne" to the government or court of the king; and sets himself vigorously and fiercely to refute its positions. To those who desire an insight into the revolution of 1830, and the system of the royal power, now at issue with many of its avowed purposes, will find much to interest in them M. Sarrans' page.

The Mathematical Calculator; or, Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, and of Logarithmic Lines and Tangents. By R. Wallace, A.M. Pp. 151. Glasgow, University Press.

THIS is a useful little book, and has the merit of introducing the important system of logarithms in a cheap and compact form. We agree with the author, that this fine discovery, although duly appreciated by those who are occupied with the higher departments of calculation, is not sufficiently valued by those engaged in minor computations. The introduction to this work, which is sufficiently simple, shews in how many instances this very concise mode of estimate may be employed; and, although the abridged form in which the tables are given prevents the full benefit of the system from being experienced, we think a great object will have been gained by the compiler, should his inexpensive volume be the means of awakening the attention of those engaged in elementary instruction to this important subject. There are sixteen or seventeen useful tables appended to the work, which, on the whole, we cordially approve.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. DAVIDSON "on the pyramids of Egypt."—After noticing the opinions of Herodotus, Di-

odorus, Strabo, Pliny, and offering remarks upon them, Mr. Davidson resolved his discourse into the three following questions and their answers:—1st, What is the meaning of the word pyramid—does it explain the subject? 2d, Are the pyramids peculiar to Egypt, or do other countries afford analogies? 3d, Is there any traditional or recorded event which may be supposed to have led to their erection? With regard to the first, the etymology of the Greeks, whose vanity led them to make every possible adoption to their own language, appears to be the one most commonly received. 2d, The pyramids are not peculiar to Egypt, but are to be found in all the earliest post-diluvian researches; and, indeed, have been continued amongst those nations secluded from a general intercourse with other people. The pagoda of China is but a modification of the pyramid, rising story above story, and decreasing towards its point; the pyramidal temples of Hindostan present a nearer resemblance; and the pyramids of the Mexican empire, those of Copulula, Papantla, and Teotihuacan, present a striking analogy. These last—the pyramids of Teotihuacan, which are placed on due cardinal points, are situated in the valley of Mexico, about eight leagues N.E. of the capital; two are of considerable size—that of the *Sun* being 682 feet at the base, rather less than the second (that of the *Moon*), and 180 feet in height. They are approached through long avenues of small pyramids placed in exact lines N. to S. and E. to W., and occupy a place called *Micoath*, i. e. road of the dead; they are said to have served as places of sepulture for the chiefs—the like tombs occur round the base of Cheops. Thus have we the Egyptians, Chinese, Hindoos, and Mexicans, all people of the highest antiquity, all famed for the cultivation of astronomy and the recording of events, each possessing pyramids whose history is enveloped in mystery, but each possessing ends in common—religion, record, sepulture. Touching the third query—is there any circumstance that could have led to this concurrence of idea—their character is too arbitrary, and their resemblance too uniform, to have been the result of chance. The earliest settlement of the post-diluvian inhabitants was marked by the erection of a high place, which all commentators agree to have been of the pyramidal form. "Go to! let us build us a city, and a tower whose top shall reach to heaven, and let us make for ourselves a name." Engaged on this work they were dispersed over the face of the earth, carrying with them the recollection of their employment, migrating under the sons of the patriarch, and, as their numbers increased, heightening their pride and causing them to forget their Divine protection, the sons of Shem, in their earliest settlements in the east, erected monuments which recorded their arrival or marked their dispersion. The sons of Japhet, prompted by similar feelings, and bearing in recollection the same events, followed the like example in the west; while the sons of Ham, under Mizraim, the founder of the Egyptian empire—famed from the earliest time for their wisdom, profuse of labour, and lavish of expense, with conceptions formed in mystery, and heightened by their religion, taking magnitude and durability for their models—exceeded their brethren; and while the proud city of the Pharaohs, of which these piles once formed the greatest wonder, has melted away, leaving not a trace behind, the pyramids, renowned for their antiquity and magnitude, became consecrated to the worship of the gods and to the cultivation of their most cherished study—astronomy. Hallowed by these sacred

purposes, they were in after times used as the depositories of the illustrious dead.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Tuesday last. The reports of the council and auditors were read and agreed to. These documents were, as usual, made up from the monthly reports, which have been regularly noticed in the *Literary Gazette* during the season—hence it is unnecessary here to present an epitome of either. By a minute of the council, it was resolved unanimously that the salary attached to the office of secretary be 200*l.* per annum. Mr. Bennett (the secretary) expressed his thanks for the kindness which had induced the council to appropriate a compensation for the time necessarily occupied by the duties of the secretaryship. In accepting the salary which the council had attached to the office, he felt, however, bound to declare his intention of appropriating no part of it to his individual purpose. This is an act of generosity on the part of Mr. Bennett which we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of recording. Lord Stanley was re-elected president, and the usual blanks, by rotation, in the council, committee of publication, and officers, were filled up.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

21^d 2^h 50^m—the Sun enters Gemini.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Aries	8	8	25
☾ First Quarter in Leo	15	19	55
☾ Full Moon in Scorpio	22	11	9
☾ Last Quarter in Aquarius	29	20	54

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mars in Pisces	3	22	9
Mercury in Aries	6	2	24
Jupiter in Aries	8	8	8
Venus in Taurus	9	17	32
Saturn in Virgo	18	11	58
Uranus in Capricornus	28	18	44

4^d 7^h—the Moon in apogee. 20^d 2^h—in perigee. 31^d 23^h—in apogee.

22^d 12^h 26^m—the Moon will make a near approach to ♄ Scorpii. 27^d—an occultation of ♄ Capricorni; immersion 14^h 20^m; emersion 15^h 48^m.

9^d 19^h 20^m—Mercury at his greatest south latitude. 19^d—in conjunction with ♄ Arietis; difference of latitude 20'. 23^d 18^h 46^m—with Jupiter; difference of latitude 4'. 28^d 18^h 49^m—ascending node.

13^d—Venus in conjunction with ♄ Tauri; difference of latitude 12'. 17^d 12^h—with ♄ Tauri. 26^d—with 132 Tauri; difference of latitude 8'. 30^d—with 5 Geminorum; difference of latitude 9'. This planet is advancing to a favourable situation for observation as an evening star.

18^d 10^h 24^m—Mars in perihelion. 24^d—in conjunction with 25 Mayer; difference of latitude 8'. 29^d—with ♄ Piscium; difference of latitude 9'. This planet is too remote from the earth, and too near the solar rays, to be satisfactorily seen.

12^d—Vesta in conjunction with ♄ Piscium; the planet about a degree south of the star. Juno in conjunction with 64 Aquilæ; the planet four and a half degrees south of the star. 18^d—Fallas in conjunction with ♄ Leonis; the planet 40' north of the star. 10^d—Ceres in conjunction with ♄ Leonis; the planet 17' north of the star.

9^d 3^h 5^m—Jupiter in conjunction with the Sun.

Saturn is at present the only interesting object of the planetary train that is visible on the evening sky. In the early part of the

month, the major axis of the ring is 43" 72, and the minor 4" 56.

17^d 11^h—Uranus in quadrature with the Sun. 31^d 13^h 38^m—stationary.

Deptford.

J. T. BARKER.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—Mr. Chatfield exhibited a drawing of an ancient and strangely formed font in the chapel at Loch Finlaggon, in Islay, in which the lords of the isles were crowned. Mr. Britton exhibited architectural drawings from Malmesbury Abbey, Wilts. He observed, that engravings of the porch and other parts of that building had been published in the "*Vetusta Monumenta*," without any description, which he proposed to supply at a future period. He also exhibited drawings of Brixworth and Earls Norton Churches in Northamptonshire; the Jewry Wall, at Leicester; and Notre Dame, Poitiers, of Roman or Lombardic architecture.—Mr. Haine (we think) communicated some remarks on the Roman coin moulds found at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and exhibited to the Society some time since. It having been considered by some that these coins were cast by the Romans to pay their soldiers on foreign stations, the object of this paper was to show that they were not the coins of the Roman government, but *forgeries*. Notwithstanding the arguments adduced, we are inclined to doubt this proposition, from the very trifling value of the coins, which could hardly be worth the trouble and risk of forgery, about sixty of them being the pay of a Roman soldier for one day.

PINE ARTS.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we proceed with our observations on this interesting exhibition, we must be permitted to express our regret at the absence of any of the productions of the Misses Sharpe, whose names also no longer appear in the list of members of the Society. We lament this the more, because the performances of these fair and accomplished artists, besides their intrinsic excellence, gave to the Gallery a feature of animation and variety that was invaluable.

No. 151. *After the Sortie*. G. Cattemole.—Although we have given a passing remark to this admirable performance, we must again advert to it as one of the finest in subject and interest the artist has ever produced, and certainly one of the most striking in the exhibition. We have often heard the expression of things that "speak volumes,"—it cannot be better applied than to this picture; but then the volumes must be like those of the late gifted Sir Walter Scott. The wounded leader—the grief and despair of his lady-love—the sacred office of the priest, administered amid the clangour of arms—the pointing of cannon, with all the attendant hurry of tumultuous action, are brought into view, with a character of individuality which no pen but that of such a writer could have suggested.

No. 382. *The Commencement*. W. Hunt.—We cannot forego the temptation of going "from the sublime to the ridiculous;" and if the visitor has not lost the use of his risible muscles, they must be powerfully exercised on looking at this performance, which is one of the best graphic comedies we ever saw. It represents a rustic urchin, of eight or ten years of age, making a desperate attack upon a cold

meat-pie. Napoleon never entered upon any of his magnificent enterprises with more determined energy. The fixed gaze, the compression of the lips, the position of the arms, the convulsive clutch of the knife and fork with which he is endeavouring to penetrate a crust evidently innocent of butter, are all depicted with whimsical vivacity and force.

No. 143. *Horse Drinking*. F. Tayler.—Had the artist said a "horse thinking" it would have applied equally well. Nothing can be finer than the character, especially the expression of the eye; or the style in which the whole is executed.

No. 56. *Scene in Wilderness Park*, in 1832, &c. P. de Wint.—Next to being present at such a spectacle, is seeing it thus faithfully represented. There is such a stamp of truth, such a simplicity in all this artist's works, that the skill with which they are effected is no doubt lost upon many, who cannot, however, be insensible of the result.

No. 69. *Quay, Regent's Dock, Liverpool*. S. Austin.—We lament that this busy scene of commercial interest was not made a centre in some part of the room, that we might have had the pleasure of inspecting its details, as well as noticing its general character. Its matter-of-fact business, so ably contrasted by the majestic and lofty shipping, must have tasked the artist's powers in no common degree.

No. 67. *Landscape, with Cattle—Composition*. Thales Fielding.—A broad and powerful style of art, admirable as a composition; and no less so for its harmonious and glowing character of colouring.

No. 16. *Strasbourg Cathedral, from the Market-Place, after a Sketch by Mr. Wild*. F. Mackenzie.—We are fond of contrasting, or bringing different styles of art into juxtaposition. In this performance we have the union of the careful and the skilful under an effect of light that seems to convey an idea of stillness to a scene highly interesting from its localities.

No. 17. *The Sisters*; and No. 138. *The Friends*. J. M. Wright.—In both these performances, but especially in the latter, we find purity of sentiment and beauty of character, in a style of execution and colouring equally pure and beautiful. With figures of the same size, we should like to see this artist on a more extended scale.

No. 234. *View from Hainoakes Down, near Chichester, looking over Goodwood towards the Isle of Wight—Evening*. W. Turner.—In any situation, and at almost any distance, this beautiful picture must be viewed with admiration. The scene and its localities are lost in that higher quality—effect: the broad mass of the windmill opposed to the mellow retiring light of evening, is a grand feature of the performance.

No. 235. *Cricceath Castle, N. Wales*. H. Gastineau.—A scene of great sublimity and grandeur, with an effect corresponding with its awful character. The admirable style of execution of all Mr. Gastineau's works is too well known to need any comment on that part of his performance.

No. 286. *Catherine Seyton and Roland Grame*. J. M. Wright.—Expression is allowed on all hands not only to be one of the first qualities in subjects like this, but without which all labour in finishing, and all power of colouring, are as nothing. In this high quality Mr. Wright has been eminently successful. The embarrassment of Roland, and the playful and almost malicious laugh of the beautiful Catherine, fully illustrate the quotation in the catalogue.

No. 110. *Asses*. R. Hills.—We heartily wish that every one would do by this patient and picturesque animal as Mr. Hills has done—justice. As a work of art, it is, as are the rest of this artist's works, true to nature, and carefully executed. His *Fallow Deer*, No. 155, and No. 310, *Dog-Kennel Lane*, *Aldbury*, *Surry*, are also among his best productions.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COFFIN.

In a churchyard upon the sward a coffin there was laid,
And leaning stood, beside the wood, a sexton on his spade.
A coffin old and black it was, and fashioned curiously,
With quaint device of carved oak, in hideous fantastic.

For here was wrought the sculptured thought of a tormented face,
With serpents lithe that round it writhe, in folded strict embrace.
Grim visages of grinning fiends were at each corner set,
And emblematic scrolls, mort-heads, and bones together met.

"Ah, well-a-day!" that sexton gray unto himself did cry,
"Beneath that lid much leeth hid—much awful mystery.
It is an ancient coffin from the abbey that stood here;
Perchance it holds an abbot's bones, perchance those of a friere.

In digging deep, where monks do sleep, beneath yon cloister shroud,
That coffin old, within the mould, it was my chance to find it.
The costly carvings of the lid I scraped full carefully,
In hope to get at name or date, yet nothing could I see.

With pick and spade I've plied my trade, for sixty years
And more,
Yet never found, beneath the ground, shell strange as that before;
Full many coffins have I seen—have seen them deep or flat,
Fantastic in fashion—none fantastical as that."

And saying so, with heavy blow the lid he shattered wide
And, pale with fright, a ghastly sight that sexton gray
A miserable sight it was, that loathsome corpse to see.
The last, last, dreary, darksome stage of fall'n humanity.

Though all was gone save reeky bone, a green and grisly heap,
With scarce a trace of fleshly face, strange posture did it keep;
The hands were clenched'd, the teeth were wrench'd, as if
The wretch had risen,
E'en after death had ta'en his breath, to strive and burst
his prison.

The neck was bent, the nails were rent, no limb or joint
Was straight;
Together glued, with blood imbued, black and coagulate;
And as the sexton stooped him down, to lift the coffin plank,
His fingers were defiled all o'er with slimy substance dank.

"Eh, well-a-day!" that sexton gray unto himself did cry,
"Full well I see how Fate's decree foredoomed this wretch to die;
A living man, a graying man, within the coffin thrust,
Alack! alack the agony ere he returned to dust!"

A vision dread did then appear unto that sexton's eyes;
—Like that poor wight before him straight he in a coffin lies—
He leeth in a trance within that coffin close and fast;
Yet though he sleepeth now, he feels he shall awake at last.

The coffin, then, by reverend men, is borne with footstep slow,
Where tapers shine before the shrine—where breathes the requiem low,
And for the dead the prayer is said, for the soul that is
Then all is drown'd in hollow sound, the earth is o'er him thrown.

He draweth breath—he wakes from death to life more horrible,
To agony! such agony no living tongue may tell!
Die! die! he must, that wretched one! he struggles,
strives in vain;
No more heaven's light nor sunshine bright shall he behold again.

"Gramercy, Lord!" the sexton roar'd awakening suddenly,
"If this be dream, yet doth it seem most dreadful so to die.
Oh, cast my body in the sea! or hurl it on the shore!
But nail me not in coffin fast—no grave will I dig more."

[From the novel of *Rookwood*, reviewed in our last. There are several other striking ballads besides those we have quoted; and we hear

that Turpin's ride, which we spoke of in terms of eulogy, is about to be dramatised at Astley's.]

BIOGRAPHY.

MURDER OF RICHARD LANDER.

WITH a most profound sentiment of grief we have to state that accounts have been received of the cruel murder of this enterprising and interesting person. Poor Lander died on the 6th of February, at Fernando Po, of a wound he received while pursuing his last ascent of the river Nunn, as exclusively announced in the *Literary Gazette* of the 22d of March, which contained the latest intelligence of the proceedings and purposes of this fatal expedition. Having left Fernando Po in the Craven cutter, intending to join the iron steamer with the merchandise and articles he had collected for the establishment of a settled intercourse with the natives; it appears, from the letter describing this melancholy event, that the party had only reached about a hundred miles up the river, when, while tracking their boat along shore, they were suddenly fired upon from the bush by the assassins employed to destroy them. Three men were killed, and four, including Lander, wounded. Leaping into their canoe they escaped to the boat which was aground at the time; but were followed and assailed by several war-canoes until darkness rescued them from their enemies. They descended the stream, and on the 27th of January arrived at Fernando Po, where Lander lingered till the 6th of Feb. He was shot near the hip, and the ball wrought down into his thigh. It is supposed that the murderers were set upon their infernal task by European slaves, whose infamous traffic was endangered by the formation of a regular commerce with the interior, through the medium of the rivers explored by our gallant countryman. The canoes belonged to Bonny, Brass, and Benin. Thus has another sacrifice to African discovery been made; a man whose character was of the highest human stamp. Calm and resolute, steady and fearless, bold and adventurous, never did there exist a more fit instrument for the undertaking of such exploits as those which have shed a lustre over his humble name. It is said that his papers are lost. We cannot express the sorrow with which the sad calamity has filled us—it is a deep private affliction, and a lasting national regret.

Lieut. Allan, Mr. Lander's companion, has arrived in the *Talbot*, but brings no particulars. He was not with his unfortunate friend at the time.

DEATH OF MR. STOTHARD.

ON Sunday last one of the chief ornaments of our National School of Painting, T. Stothard, R.A. departed this life, after a very long and very bright career. He was seventy-nine years of age; and for the last twelve or eighteen months, nature, worn out, had been gradually yielding him to the grave. This delightful artist and most worthy and amiable man, was of poor parentage, and originally bred a weaver. But his genius over-leapt all bounds, and the multitude and beauty of his productions have created for him a name which will be eminently distinguished so long as there is a memory of British art. Fancy, variety, invention, taste, grace, feeling, were all striking qualities of his fascinating pencil; the grotesque and the lovely have been equally illustrated by his talents—the manners and characteristics of all countries, and the inexhaustible charms of uni-

versal nature, have been alike adorned by his masterly hand. Viewing his works, altogether, though we may have two or three examples of individuals entitled to similar fame in our arts, Stothard must be allowed to stand alone in many respects, while he takes his rank among the foremost of the rare few who have reached the highest sweep and range of this arduous profession.

A portion of his genius has descended in his family; and his spirit still survives in them, though his eldest son (celebrated for his "Norman Antiquities," and other beautiful works) was unfortunately cut off in the dawning of his powers.

[Since writing the foregoing brief note, we have received the following from a friend, an artist himself, and long an intimate of the deceased. We cannot do better than give it publicity.]

Poor Stothard has at length taken his departure! and no artist of this or any other country ever exhibited more fertility of invention, more expertness in practice, or more devotedness to his profession. No artist's works are more extensively dispersed in his own as well as in other countries, and to no individual's talents have the pages of the *Literary Gazette* been more observantly attentive. His career has been long and, as far as fame is concerned, successful. Of his pecuniary circumstances nothing is, we believe, distinctly known.

The early designs of Stothard made an epoch in art, and led to that extensive and numerous class of embellished publications which have distinguished the many literary productions of the English press, commencing with the *Novelist's Magazine*, published by Harrison of Paternoster Row, and ending with the *Italy and Poems of Samuel Rogers*, than whom no one appears more justly to have appreciated the talents of our lamented painter. Stothard had the rare gratification of seeing his works sought after, and the prints from them collected with eagerness by a number of admirers during his life; nor should it be omitted that, in extending his fame through the medium of engraving, no one contributed more than Mr. James Heath, whose burin was to Stothard what that of Bartolozzi was to the works of Cipriani. There is a bust in marble, by Baily, the most perfect in likeness and character of any thing that has yet been done; and truly honourable would it be to the Royal Academy, or any other body of artists, to procure it, and set it up in hall or gallery, as a just tribute to the genius of an artist who has contributed so much to distinguish and adorn the British school of design.

His Canterbury Pilgrims, characters from the Plays of Shakspeare, and others of his easel pictures, together with his etching of the Wellington Shield, from his own design, have come under the notice of the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. Concerning the latter, being one day asked how he could submit to the labour and drudgery of such kind of employment, his answer was, "It is the enterprise of the thing."

Stothard considered the profession of an artist, and most especially the distinction of R.A. (as it ought to be), the passport to gentility; nor was he ever known, by language or eccentricity, to lower the grade of art, however indifferent he might be to personal appearance. In his conversation he was no less original than in his designs; and his observations on men and manners were shrewd and intelligent, though his extreme deafness re-

stricted the exercise of his powers in this way. Stothard regretted that he had not been more employed on works of greater dimensions, such as his staircase at Burleigh, and the ceiling of, we believe, the New Court House at Edinburgh; but it is a question if such works would have extended his name, or created so ample a sphere of pleasure as the numerous publications from his pencil.

His style was certainly mannered; but in character and expression, truth and nature ever prevailed. His humour never degenerated into caricature, nor his grace into affectation. His models were in his mind's eye, but the painter's eye was ever abroad; and memory, faithful to its trust, transferred the resemblance of whatever came under his view for the purposes of art.

Should the mantle of his genius descend on any one of the present day, we know of none on whom it could more suitably fall, or more successfully be placed, than on the shoulders of J. M. Wright, whose drawings most resemble in style and character those of the late Thomas Stothard.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

INDIGENT BLIND ASYLUM.

ON Friday, as we previously intimated, the interesting ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new and extended School for this Charity took place. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the President, surrounded by a great number of the clergy and other benevolent subscribers, performed the rites, religious and masonic, which are usual on such occasions. In the music-room, a hymn, composed by Mr. Abdy, was affectingly sung by several of the pupils, under the direction of Mr. Tulle; and when the president and the assembly had proceeded thence to the platform, they were addressed in a very able manner by the Secretary, who explained the state of the Asylum and its future objects. In regard to the present building, instead of one hundred pupils, as heretofore, it was calculated to receive two hundred and twenty; and an earnest hope was expressed that the increased funds of the charity would soon put it in their power to extend the blessing of mental light and useful cultivation to the whole number.

The School itself, which is rapidly rising, is from a design by Mr. John Newman, and in the appropriate style of the Gothic domestic architecture. Though plain and unornamented, as for an Institution of the kind it ought to be, it is a handsome elevation, and does great credit to the judgment and talents of the architect, whose plans, &c. were warmly approved by the archbishop and other patrons to whom they were submitted. The scene, altogether, was of extreme interest and gratification—the dark and helpless are truly and peculiarly dear to humanity; and here we witnessed the young taught, and the mature enabled to support themselves by manufacturing articles of various sorts—shoes, matting, basket-works, &c. &c. &c. for which there is not only a home but a foreign demand. Thus industriously contributing by their labour to defray the expenses of the establishment which shelters them, it requires the less extrinsic aid to increase the benefits of this noble and well-conducted place of refuge: but when we consider that every subscription tends to augment the number of the forlorn thus rescued from the pressure of severe affliction in their unequal contest with the happier world from “vision not shut out,” we cannot refrain from

appealing to the generous and good, when a public occasion brings the subject under general notice. A considerable amount, we rejoice to say, was collected in the course of the day, and announced at the close of an entertainment given to commemorate the ceremony and aid the funds.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE concert on Saturday gave entire satisfaction as a display of the advantages of a thoroughly musical education. The selection, both instrumental and vocal, were generally excellent, and the performances of a high order of merit. One of Lord Burghersh's beautiful compositions, *Che paventi, codardo?* was sung in fine style, and was very effective: indeed, it is greatly owing to the taste and exertions of this noble lord that our only national school of music is making such progress towards the highest rank in the delightful science. Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, &c. are examples how much is to be done by regular cultivation, how many pleasant recreations may be produced for the wealthy, and how many hours of innocent enjoyment made for the poor, by the diffusion of a love of this sweet art. The weaver humming a popular air at his loom, and the ploughman whistling along the furrow, excite ideas of contentment and happiness sadly inconsistent with marshalled Trades' Unions and sworn Agricultural Associations. Music is a mighty civiliser, a soother of bad passions, an awakener of gentle thoughts; and he deserves well of his country and humanity who helps to add its influence to those things and institutions which tend to improve the condition of mankind. We will not now particularise the pieces brought forward, or the pupils who distinguished themselves; but again warmly recommend this Academy to the patronage of the public.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Tuesday a petite comedy, entitled *Secret Service*, and written by Mr. Planché, was produced at this theatre with complete and merited success. The plot, indeed, is admirably conceived and most ably worked out. Mr. Faren's personation of the perfectly simple curate is a masterly piece of acting, unsurpassed by any of his preceding characters, however finely sustained. Cooper, as the notorious *Fouché*; Webster, as his officer, *Desaunais*; Brindal, as *Bernard*, the lover; and Wood, as the principal conspirator, were all excellent in their respective parts; and Miss Murray looked prettily, and played the slight bit entrusted to her very pleasingly. Notwithstanding “the extraordinary success of the *Minister and the Mercer*,” the house was not above half full.

VICTORIA.

ON Monday a new farce, called *Sparks in the Dark*, by Mr. Thackeray, was produced. It is full of incident and situation, and was very cleverly performed by Williams, Chippendale, Ross, J. Webster, Forrester, Miss and Miss P. Horton, and Mrs. Oman Hill. Miss Horton sang a pretty ballad, composed by Wade; and the whole went off with much applause.

On Wednesday last the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed at this theatre, in order to bring forward a *débütante* of singular promise.

“He who commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot find,”

* Vide bills.

is an exclamation which the personification of the fair *Capulet* has often forced from us. The part requires such a very youthful appearance, that which looks the period between “the rosebud and full rose,” and yet also needs tragic talent of the highest order. *Juliet's* whole character is developed on the stage,—nothing has preceded—and she is presented to us as a child, touched by no sorrow, and untaught by any strong feeling. Love springs up within her heart, and the child becomes a woman before our very eyes. Oppressed with the weight of a first secret, she leaves her sleepless pillow for that dreamy solitude which is the very atmosphere of passion. Hope, eagerness, confidence, all the morning lights of love, are thrown into that moonlight scene, whose perfect poetry of speech is so simple yet so exquisite. Gradually those shadows which track the steps of fate darken around the young bride of Verona; her spirit rises with the trial—she finds within herself a strength of resolve, a constancy of purpose equal to all her difficulties. But destiny is not to be mastered even by love, and a terrible death closes the brief and impassioned poem of the youthful Italian's life. This is no slight trial of any actress's powers—what must it be then to the unpractised years (not fourteen, we believe) of last Wednesday's *débütante*! and yet her performance gave us great satisfaction, and still more expectation. Young as she was, the *Juliet* of the night evidently felt her part—that peculiar feeling which belongs to talent. Her first appearance was much in her favour—it was so unstudied, and yet graceful. Nothing could be more natural than the way in which she sat talking to her nurse and cousin while the dancing was going on. There was something very charming in the undisguised and girlish delight with which she drank in Romeo's earliest flatteries; and her eagerness to learn the name of the cavalier was finely real. She looked the balcony scene well: the expression of her upraised eyes is singularly beautiful; but here the conception was, partially, not so true. She gave the celebrated lines,

“In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light,
But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange,”

with much archness—but such is not the expression. It is a timid and anxious avowal bursting from the o'erladen heart. The feeling throughout is far too deep, too earnest, too fearful for playfulness. That playfulness belongs only to the scene with the nurse, and here our *débütante* was admirable—it was just the pretty cooing of a spoiled child. In the scene with the friar, there was one point which told well. She has just dismissed *Paris* with the grave courtesy suiting the time and place. She pauses till he is gone; and then, turning to the friar, gives herself up to all the luxury of complaint and acknowledged misery. Where she drinks the contents of the phial was not so effective—it was too much hurried.* The death-scene was extremely good, especially the desperate energy of despair where she refuses to accompany the friar. We have dwelt at some length on the performance, as extraordinary in such a girl; and cannot better characterise it than by saying, that it has all “the beauty of promise.” And now for the *Romeo*, Miss P. Horton, whose performance, we confess, surprised us; it was full of talent. The love-scenes were somewhat tame, or perhaps we should rather say, that, in the earlier part of the piece, which is, indeed, of a same and level cast, she did not feel so entirely at home as she did afterwards.

* On the repetition of the play, it was infinitely better.

Nothing could be more spirited than the manner in which she struck down the swords of *Tybal* and *Mercutio*—and the former was killed in fine style. We should observe that she has a peculiar organ for destruction, as the death of the count *Paris* was just as good. Her attitudes were exceedingly easy and graceful. The scene with the apothecary was excellent. Her voice, which is singularly rich and sweet, gave such a finely blended mixture of scorn and pathos to the words,

"I sell thee poison—thou hast sold me none."

And the conclusion well deserved the unbounded applause from a crowded audience with which the very arduous effort was received. The play was announced for repetition with the most decided success, and is indeed worthy of it all. Abbott was a capital *Mercutio*, and died in the most animated manner. Mrs. Oman Hill looked very handsome as *Lady Capulet*; and Mrs. Garrick succeeded to admiration in the *Nurse*. We have not seen it so well played since Mrs. Davenport made the part her own. We had nearly forgotten to notice the incongruity of *Juliet's* coming out of the tomb with the dagger in her girdle; it is with *Romeo's* dagger that she stabs herself.

The *Froths of Puck* followed; and Miss Booth marshalled her miniature army with a precision worthy of her important station as drum-major. The accuracy with which she beats time is most laughably correct.

The opinion of the Parisian press touching our national and other theatres, is often amusing: we select the following from the *Gazette des Théâtres*, April 13, 1833.—An attempt has been made to give an idea of the prosperity of the theatrical treasuries of England, and of the decline of the dramatic art. That decline of the English theatre has become so threatening to authors, managers, and actors, that the legislature has found itself compelled to attend to it. Several inquiries directed by parliament have led to no result, except it be to prove that the taste for the Drama, and especially for what the English call "the legitimate Drama," has lost all its influence over the nation; and that there is but one way to draw houses—the employment of machinery, change of scenes, the introduction of quadrupeds and phantasmagoria on the stage, and, in short, every thing which is essentially foreign to the dramatic art. It has been proved that Sheridan's plays attract nobody, that Shakespeare's are performed to empty benches, and that to draw crowds it is necessary to have French dancers, horses, and elephants. In the midst of this deplorable state of things, Mr. Alfred Bunn presents himself, having the double rule of Covent Garden and Drury Lane—author, actor, manager, dictator; but, above all, a speculator who understands that quackery, not art, must be resorted to. In London, at present, Shakespeare, Otway, and Massinger, are quite despised; they are supplanted by learned quadrupeds, and obstreperous pantomimes; the stage is transformed into a diorama. Theatrical art no longer addresses itself to the heart, or the intellect—it charms only the senses. Some day or other they will burn perfumes in *cassollettes*, distribute sherbet in the boxes, and call that a dramatic representation. At least the customers will not be cheated, and will receive something for their money. The science which Mr. Bunn and the London managers have carried so far, is more extensive than people are aware of. If it were but known how many falsehoods and intrigues they set in motion, to how many preparations they have

recourse, how many journalists they are obliged to seduce, with what art they construct their play-bills, and the notices which appear in the public prints! To render *Gustavus* successful (we suppose the critic means the *Minister and the Mercer*), Mr. Bunn was obliged to invent more stories than are comprised in the "Arabian Nights." He reported that the piece was suppressed; that the authorities would not allow it to be played: he entertained the public with his communications to the minister, with his debates with the licenser; he spread the rumour that the translation had been made by a celebrated woman, by a lady of fashion, by an author well known to the public. True judges appreciated its merits; but the mass of the public allowed themselves to be deluded by these quackeries. We have spoken of Sheridan Knowles, a truly remarkable man, an author and an actor, who has raised himself by his energy alone to the rank which he holds among the English men of letters. His new tragedy, the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, has succeeded, without obtaining that insulting and triumphant vogue thrown around so many bad works. Sheridan Knowles has placed himself at the head of a minor theatre, the Victoria, which is in great favour. May it prosper, notwithstanding his talent, notwithstanding his modesty; and not leave all the success and all the guineas to [some very abusive and libellous epithets are used] celebrated alchemists, to the great bill-stickers of the day, to speculators who fatten on the public credulity.

POLITICS.

THE Repealers mustered a very small number for the division in the House of Commons; only 38 followed O'Connell, including a solitary English member, Mr. Kennedy; while 523 not only negated the motion, but carried a strong address to the King, disapproving of the agitation of a question so injurious to the best interests of the United Empire.

VARIETIES.

Royal Academy.—Report speaks favourably of the approaching exhibition; and we hear that the remarks recently made in the House of Commons respecting the Royal Academy, have stirred up a commotion among the members of that body, who are about to vindicate it from the allegations thrown out against its management. It is a pitiful thing that, in a country like this, such an institution should be bandied about, and have no proper establishment it can exclusively call its own.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund anniversary is, we rejoice to see, to have the advantage of the presidency of Sir M. W. Ridley; and its announcement displays so effective a list of stewards, that we cannot doubt its being productive of much benefit for the suffering among the depressed ranks in the arts.

Mr. Kidd and Mr. Robert Cruikshank.—A letter from the latter is too long and too late for insertion; and we can only notice that he directly contradicts the statements in Mr. Kidd's advertisement, which appeared in our last *Gazette*.

Colosseum.—A new and interesting feature has been added to the *African Glen* attached to this most attractive spectacle. It consists of a dioramic painting, which represents some wild and romantic scenery. The natives in various groups and situations; animals peculiar to the climate and country; birds, trees, mountains, cataracts, and deserts—are characteristically dis-

posed; and the whole supplies a perfect idea of these savage regions.

Diorama.—The beautiful views of Fountain's Abbey, and the solemn Crypt of St. Denis, are seen with particular pleasure after visiting the above striking exhibition: the contrast is soothing and delightful.

Tulips.—On Saturday we were much gratified with a splendid show of tulips in Mr. Groom's garden, at Walworth. The endless variety and beauty of these richly painted flowers, on a fine sunny day, produces a charming effect; and though we are not florists enough to distinguish the most valuable specimens, we can speak to the general mass of brilliancy and colour, which well merits a visit from the admirers of cultivated nature.

The Oxford candidates for the Professorship of Anglo-Saxon, on the foundation of Dr. Rawlinson, were the Rev. R. M. White, B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, and the Rev. G. Moberly, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, of whom the former was successful: the numbers at the close of the election being—for Mr. White, 158; for Mr. Moberly, 124.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Lieut. Burnes' Journey, by the Indus and Axus, through Cabool and Tartary, is in a forward state of preparation.

A Universal History, by Fraser Tylor, Lord Woodhouselee, is announced for the Family Library.

In the Press.

The Second Part of Black Gowns and Red Coats, or Oxford in 1834.

Sir John Dillon de Immunitate qua gaudent Scoti, ex pacto Unionis, dissidentes Angliæ Protestantes.

The second volume of Mr. Davill's work on the Care, Treatment, and Training of the English Race-horse.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on the Manufactures in Metal, Vol. III. (Tin, Lead, Copper, &c.) forming Vol. LIV. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. V. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Transactions of the Linnean Society of London, Vol. XVII. Part I. 4to. 2ls. sewed.—Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography, Part III. 8vo. 5s. sewed.—Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening, Part VI. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed; Magazine of Natural History, No. XXXIX. 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed; Gardener's Magazine, No. I. 1s. 6d. sewed; Architectural Magazine, No. III. 1s. 6d. sewed.—The Despatches of the Duke of Wellington from 1799 to 1818, Vol. I. 8vo. 28s. bds.—Scenes and Recollections of Fly-Fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, fcp. 8vo. 8s. cloth.—Cruikshank at Home, 3d series, royal 18mo. 14s. cloth; complete, 3 vols. gilt edges, 3l. 2s. cloth.—The Parish Officer's Legal Adviser, by Brady and Nelson, 12mo. 4s. cloth.—Mrs. Lachlan's Sacred Readings, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Narrative of the Loss of the Ship Duke of York, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.—Valpy's Hume and Smollett, Vol. IV. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—The State of Man, a Poem, by C. Tennant, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Short and Plain Sermons for Reading in Families, by the Rev. J. Pratt, B.C. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Christian's Family Library, Vol. XII.: Life of Dr. Buchanan, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Cornelius Neale, A.M., edited by the Rev. W. Jowett, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cloth.—Two Old Men's Tales: the Deformed, and the Admiral's Daughter, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2ls. bds.—Raphael's Sanctuary of the Astral Art, 12mo. 6s. bds.—More's Tales for the Common People, 24mo. 3s. 6d. cloth; Stories for Persons of the Middle Ranks, 24mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Tales about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, by Peter Parley, 18mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Gravitation, by G. B. Airy, 7s. cloth.—A Tribute to Learning, Fame, Science, and Genius, by C. F. Croft, 4to. 4s. 6d. cloth.—The Accidents of Human Life, with Hints for their Prevention, by Newton Bosworth, F.R.A.S. 18mo. 3s. cloth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Concert directors keep time as badly in other respects as in sending out their cards of invitation to the journals, their performances must lack all precision. A ticket, signed Edmund Dana, for the Morning Concert in behalf of the Polish Exiles, on Wednesday last, reached us just about the hour the company would be leaving the room. By sending a special messenger, our musical critic (if at home) might have received it from us by about seven o'clock; if out, by ten or eleven: at all events, rather too late to overtake the march of the benevolent entertainment. The same sort of thing happens, we think, in at least three concerts out of every five. When Mr. John Starr, of Eastbourne, prints letters about Poor's Rates, he might consider that postage rates are burdensome to journals to which he is gracious enough to despatch his opinions.

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS is now open, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East. Open each day from Nine till Dusk.

R. HILLS, Secretary.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6s.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

Under the Patronage of the King.
Established, 1810; incorporated by royal charter, August 5, 1827.
The Twenty-fifth ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 10th of May, 1864.
Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart. in the chair.

Stewards.
The Marquess of Breadalbane.
Lord Milton.
The Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, M.P.
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The decision will take place on Monday, the 30th day of May next, at the house of W. B. Tiffin, Printer, 43, West Strand, near Lower Arcade, where the Picture may be seen, and any further information respecting the mode by which the fortunate possessor is to be determined, &c. will be given; and where also the Engravings herein enumerated may be inspected.

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The Artists of Great Britain are hereby respectfully informed that the Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Works of living Artists will open this season on the 10th day of August next, in the New Exhibition Rooms, Church Street, and that the annual grant of the Corporation of 1864 will be awarded in a prize of 50l. for the best Picture in oil, and the remainder in smaller amounts for the best works executed by British artists. All works of art will be received (directed to the Secretary at the New Exhibition Rooms) from the 1st of July to the 4th of August, inclusive. It is requested that all Pictures, &c. from London may be sent through Messrs. Church Street and Co., by canal; and from other places, by the most convenient water conveyances.

SAMUEL EGLINGTON, Secretary to the Academy.

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.—Works of Art intended for the ensuing Exhibition will be received from the 10th to the 21st of July next; and it is requested that those from London may be forwarded through Messrs. Kinworthy and Son, Carriers; and from other places by the most convenient water conveyances.

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MUSIC.

SONS OF THE CLERGY.—The Rehearsal of the Music to be performed at this Festival will take place on Wednesday, the 7th of May, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Anniversary will be held on Friday, the 9th of May, when a Sermon will be preached there, before Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Clergy, and others, by the Very Rev. John Merewether, D.D. Dean of Hereford.—Living Service will commence at Two o'clock, and the Doors of the Cathedral will be opened each day at One o'clock.

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Tickets for the Dinner on Friday, 9th of May, at six o'clock, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, to be had of the Treasurer, Oliver Hargrave, Esq., 5, Bloomsbury Place; and of Messrs. Warrington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place.
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